

Children's Newspaper, June 12, 1926

The Next C.N. Monthly Should be
Ordered Now—Ask for My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 377

Week Ending
JUNE 12, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

NEWS 150 YEARS OLD

See
Column
One below

NEWS OF CAPTAIN COOK

A MAN WHO SAW HIM DIE

Killed with a Dagger He Gave to the Natives

THE LADY AND THE CARPET

A century and a half has passed since Captain Cook was killed by natives on the Hawaii beach of Kcalakekua Bay, yet the discovery of a new account of his death is of such interest as to take its place in the forefront of the literary and imperial events of our time. To be accurate we should say the re-discovery, for the book, written by Heinrich Zimmermann, was published in Germany in 1781.

Only now, however, has it been translated into English, a task performed by the librarian of the Alexander Turnbull Library at Wellington, New Zealand. There the book forms part of a rich treasure of material relating to the great navigator with whose visits to and exploration of New Zealand began the existence of that England in the southern half of the world as a home of white men.

The Origin of the Tragedy

But how came a German to be sailing round the world with Cook? Zimmermann was a belt-maker by trade whom necessity drove into many callings, finally landing him in England where, he tells us, his native courage constrained him to take to a seafaring life and to sign on under Cook for the voyage of the Resolution and the Discovery in the spring of 1776.

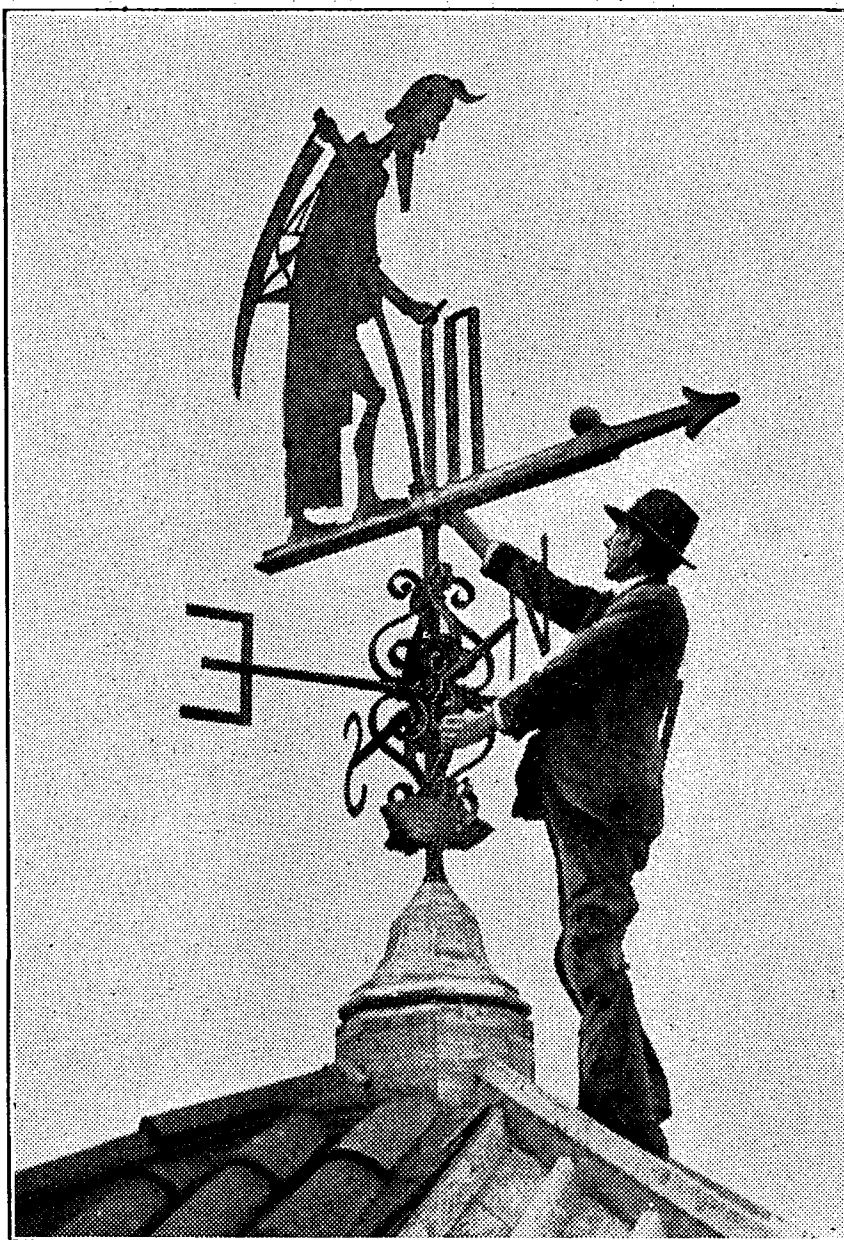
The little book gives an interesting story of the great voyage, and leads us to the fatal bay where Cook was esteemed almost as a god by the natives. There the tragedy took its rise in the theft by a native of a pair of smith's tongs from one of the ships, and of a ship's boat the same night; trivialities in themselves, but such affairs as in classical legend used to bring the ancient gods to war.

How Captain Cook Died

Mischief rapidly brewing when sailors sought to recover the stolen property, Cook himself went ashore intending to bring the native king on board in order to demand reparation. How fear and anger led the natives to the attack which ended in Cook's murder we know, but Zimmermann adds some unfamiliar details of great interest. He says that while Cook was leading the king from his hut to the shore four of the boats' crews fired on the natives. Anxiety for the king led to panic as the natives sought to restrain him from going on board, as they feared his death.

An old woman (says Zimmermann) spread out a cloth between us and the king, and told Captain Cook that he was not to bring the king across it. Cook tried to force the king to go with him, but the natives

Father Time Takes a Hand



One of the Test Matches will be played at Lord's cricket ground this summer, and here we see a workman putting up an allegorical weather vane on the new stand that has been built there. The vane represents Father Time replacing the balls on a wicket, and the idea conveyed is that the game of cricket goes on for ever

pelled him with small stones. He, who formerly was regarded by these people as a god, became very angry at this, opened fire with his shot-gun upon those around him, seized the king once more by the hand, and tried to drag him across the outspread cloth.

One of the natives who stood directly behind Captain Cook struck him with an iron dagger (some of which Captain Cook had had made after the pattern of the natives' wooden daggers, and which he had presented to them), first in the right shoulder and then from the front through the left side into the heart. Captain Cook fell to the ground dead.

That picture of the stretched cloth is new; it is dramatic and suggestive. Zimmermann agrees with all others who knew Cook as to his fine character, his temperance in all things, his insistence on discipline, cleanliness, and precautions as to health. He was indeed a noble fellow in this German sailor's eyes,

though quite human in the hastiness of his temper.

"I hardly think that England ever had a braver sea officer than Cook," says Zimmermann; "in times of danger he was the bravest, the cheeriest, and the most resolute, and at such times it was his chief concern to keep calmness and order on his ship."

There is this tribute, too, in an age when humanity toward native peoples was uncommon. "He loved the natives, understood the language of most of them, and had the art of pleasing and charming them. It was on this account that he was so much respected by the islanders, and at times worshipped by them."

Yet he fell at their hands, slain with a dagger he had given them, and, like Magellan, he perished amid barbarism, a heroic spirit whose poor bones have no tomb upon which his countrymen today may lay a laurel. Picture on page 7

GERMANY FREE IN THE AIR

GRIEVANCE REMOVED

A Little Revision of the Peace of Versailles

GERMANY'S AERIAL FLEET

One more war grievance has been removed from Germany. Like so many others, it was one that injured other nations almost as much as Germany.

The Treaty of Versailles gave the Allies power to make regulations to prevent Germany from building up a new air fleet, and under these Germany was forbidden to make aeroplanes of more than a certain size, strength, horse-power, or speed. This meant, of course, that Germany could take no effective part in the development of international air travel.

But it meant more than that, for Germany said: "If you will not allow us to fly big aeroplanes in our own country we shall not allow you to fly big aeroplanes over German territory"; and as Germany stretches from the North Sea to the Swiss mountains she thus became a barrier to air navigation right across Europe.

A French Air Disaster

The big French liners had to go round by Switzerland, not at all a pleasant alternative. One day last year a French airman missed his way in a fog and went over Germany, and then was forced to land. The machine struck a tree in the Black Forest and crashed to the ground. The pilot was killed, and his companion was injured and taken to a hospital. When he came out he was arrested for trespassing. Of course he was released (with a caution), but the incident showed the Allies that their rules would have to be altered.

Happily, in the interval since the rules were made, we have learned what machines are useful as fighters and what are not, and new rules, while giving Germany freedom to make big air liners, define the military aeroplanes she is not free to make. These are single-seater machines of more than 600 horse-power, capable of mounting guns, torpedoes, bombs, and so on; and also machines controlled by wireless.

German Activity in the Air

While the old restrictions continued Germany concentrated on the setting up of an enormous number of small machines which flew everywhere within her borders, and she thus became the only country in which air travel charges competed on an equal footing with those of railways. And, of course, she was able to order as many military aeroplanes as she liked abroad!

Arrangements have already been made for taking the fullest advantage of the new rules, and it is certain that Germany will quickly be in possession of fleets of air liners flying in all directions.

THE LEAGUE GOES ON AND ON

NEWS FROM MUSLIN TOWN

Mosul Problems Settled by Peace Instead of War

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN

In an age of general unrest we may be grateful that the League of Nations goes unwearyingly on in spite of rebuffs, enforcing the majesty of right and reason against the brutal rule of force.

The League's latest victory is an understanding between Turkey and Great Britain over the long-debated Mosul difficulty in Mesopotamia.

This problem has threatened again and again to bring us to war with the Turks, but now it is settled on terms satisfactory to both sides: we are to retain Mosul, but the Turks are to have access to the natural wealth of the Mosul district, and Turkey will now become a member of the League of Nations.

The Blight of the Turks

It may be safely assumed that Mosul will be thankful to continue under British protection, for she suffered much and long under the Turks. She rose to splendour and wealth in the Middle Ages, and gained worldwide fame by her manufacture of a beautiful fabric to which she gave her name, *muslin*; but a blight descended upon her with the coming of the Turks, who ground her into poverty and squalor by unbearable taxation, pillage, and every form of military and civic injustice.

When the immortal Sir Henry Layard arrived at Mosul in the middle of last century, he found conditions typical of Ottoman misrule. The new Pasha had been settling himself in the saddle by methods as extraordinary as those by which Sancho Panza established himself for the brief term of his comic governorship in Don Quixote.

A Town Without Meat

But all Sancho's decisions were superbly excellent; the Pasha's were the reverse. He plundered an Arab tribe of their flocks and sold all the sheep good enough to sell. The remainder, a scraggy remnant, he sought to force upon the corporation butchers at the highest market price of prime fat sheep.

Poor men, they took flight into the wilderness, and so the town was left without meat. The Pasha sent out assurances that he would hang them all over their shop-doors as soon as he caught them, so they remained out and Mosul continued meatless. The Pasha therefore consoled himself by executing the three chief men of the city "on principle," and took possession of all their goods.

The Tomb of Civilisation

Yet it was from this misgoverned and unhappy town that Sir Henry Layard looked out upon a wonderful vision. On the opposite bank of the Tigris ranged huge mounds of grass-grown earth, desolate and wrapped in silence save for the cries of sheep and goats pastured upon them.

Alexander the Great had marched his long-conquering army past these mounds, and dreamed not that they embalmed the relics of a civilisation. Emperors and princes, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, Christians, had passed that way and fought on and around the towering masses, yet for 24 centuries the earth-heaps had kept their secret.

Layard, as he gazed entranced upon the mystery, felt a stirring of the blood, a leaping of the fancy, and vowed that some day he would come there and dig. He redeemed his vows. He returned and dug out of the mounds mighty Nineveh, city of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, and of many a potent Assyrian conqueror who had reigned in the great city, which the book of Job

LAST REFUGE OF A FORGER

CRIME IN THE NAME OF PATRIOTISM

Hungarian Prince and Chief of Police in Prison

SAD NEWS FROM A TROUBLED LAND

Can forgery be justified in the name of patriotism? That is the astounding question which has been dividing Hungary as a result of the trial for the French franc-note forgeries.

Dr. Johnson's view that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel is signally illustrated by the revelations of this trial. Prince Ludwig Windisch-Graetz, a member of one of the oldest and greatest families in Hungary; M. Nadosy, Chief of the Police; and a number of other social and political leaders, have been sentenced to varying terms of hard labour and heavy fines for forging franc-notes, but instead of being ashamed they have been glorying in their work, for they turned forgers, they say, for love of Hungary.

Hungary, according to these forgers, had been compelled by an iniquitous peace to part with her territories to usurping neighbours, and the people thus torn from the Fatherland must be helped to keep up the agitation for their restoration. To do this required money, and the forgeries were to supply it! So the prisoners posed as heroes, the court officials, treated them with marked deference, and the public in court cheered them at every opportunity.

Innocent People Robbed

It is a terrible story, for it is dishonourable and criminal. The trouble is that forging bank-notes means that innocent people are robbed. Calling themselves patriots, these forgers issued the notes not on the Bank of Hungary so that their victims would be in their own country, but on the Bank of France, thus robbing the people of another land.

Of course it has been very important to show that the Hungarian Government had nothing to do with the affair. The evidence on the point has been contradictory, but nothing has been proved, and it seems clear that the Government was innocent of any part in the conspiracy, though guilty of great carelessness. All the friends of Hungary in this country are greatly concerned by the revelations, which stain the fair name the Hungarians have always had among us.

BETTER THAN THEY KNEW

Students who Earned Ten Thousand Pounds

When the students of Edinburgh University turned out 270 strong to work at Leith Docks during the strike they did not know that they were earning ten thousand pounds for their University.

A great shipowner, Mr. Thomas Cowan, who was chairman of the emergency committee of the Dock Commissioners, saw "the enthusiasm, initiative, and working capacity" of the students, demonstrating afresh "the grit and pluck of our University youths," and he has shown his appreciation by giving £10,000 to the University.

Fine service nobly rewarded!

Continued from the previous column

tells us had "more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand."

Nineveh has been disinterred; some of her most wonderful treasures are in the British Museum; but she remains a dead city beyond recovery. Lesser Mosul, thrice as old as white America, survives, and now begins a new chapter of hope and aspiration under the shelter of the British flag.

NEW CHAPTER OPENS FOR MOROCCO

FALL OF ABDUL KRIM

Surrender to the French after Five Years of War

WHAT WILL EUROPE SAY?

A sudden end has come to the astonishing career of Abdul Krim. He has surrendered unconditionally to the French forces in Morocco.

For four years after his sensational victory at Annual he kept the Spaniards at bay, and he could probably have continued to do so indefinitely; but when he allowed himself to be persuaded to attack the French last year his doom was sealed. His Rif tribesmen, who were the backbone of his power, lived wholly in the Spanish zone in North Morocco, and were separated by high mountains from the French zone to the south.



Abdul Krim

The Spanish were jealous of any interference by the French, and even after Krim had made his challenge to the French it was many months before the Spaniards could bring themselves to allow French troops to make a ring round the rebels effective.

Even then the reduction of these hardy hill fighters was a difficult and costly business, and Abdul was twice given the chance to make peace on terms. The last time, less than a month before the end, the terms included the disarmament of the tribes and Krim's own retirement from the country. But at an earlier stage he might have secured his own recognition as chief of the Rifs under the overlordship of the Sultan of Morocco.

Wholesale Cruelty

But his successes against the Spaniards had turned his head. He saw himself as a great religious leader ordained to rescue all Morocco, and even all North Africa, from European rule. He was an able man, with some Western culture, and his military prowess won him the enthusiastic loyalty of his followers. But his authority was supported by acts of wholesale cruelty. By one means or another he did manage to keep a degree of order within his territory to which it had been a stranger for many a long day. What sort of a hand the Spanish police will make of the task remains to be seen.

A very delicate situation will arise when the final submission of the now leaderless tribes has been secured. French troops in the Spanish zone will be expected to retire south to the French side of the boundary line, but France may well doubt the power of the Spaniards to keep the peace without them, and though the actual administration of Morocco is divided between the two countries, the French regard themselves as in some way responsible to the Sultan for good order throughout his dominions.

A Problem for Britain

And here, unfortunately, Britain also is involved. Ever since she occupied Gibraltar she has been opposed to any great Power establishing herself on the opposite shore of the strait, and it was largely due to her influence that Spain secured the Northern Morocco zone rather than France. Will Britain be any more willing than Spain to see French influence grow in Northern Morocco?

There are other complications which may show themselves later, but it is clear already that the surrender of Abdul Krim has by no means ended the difficulties of the Morocco Question, but has merely opened a new chapter.

A DICTATOR DICTATES

SPAIN ORDERED TO STOP A CRUEL THING

The Defenceless Old Horses that have Served the Country

NOT TO BE SLAUGHTERED FOR PLEASURE

Somebody with a great love of humanity has prevailed upon the Spanish Dictator, General Primo di Rivera, to do a great thing, and he has made a pronouncement which he himself expects to cause more discussion in Spain than Prohibition has caused in America!

He says that "the sacrifice of defenceless old horses that have worked in our fields, that have served our soldiers, and in various ways have proved themselves faithful in domestic service, must be avoided."

A decree was passed some months ago, and recorded in the C.N., requiring that horses in the bull ring should be protected from the bull's horns. Evidently the decree has not had the effect intended; hence the new pronouncement.

The bull, says the Dictator, can defend itself by its fierceness and its strength; man by his skill and by his bull-fighting comrades, who are ever near by; but "the poor blindfolded horse receives the full brunt of the bull's charge without the least opportunity of escape. It is wicked and repugnant. It gives foreigners an entirely wrong impression of our nation, and has for us ourselves no cultural or educational influence. There must be no more slaughtering of seven or eight horses at every bull-fight. It has got to end."

We do not like Dictators, but we like the decree of General Primo di Rivera, and we look forward to his courageous spirit carrying it out, for the good of Spain's horses and Spain's people, too.

SURPRISE FOR A SHAKE-SPEARE EXHIBITION

The Lady and a Precious Book

An odd little thing has happened at a Shakespeare exhibition in Paris, where there was gathered together a notable display of early editions of the plays and books about the poet.

On the opening day the Comtesse de Chambrun, who has written a notable study of Shakespeare, was regretting the absence of a copy of the famous First Folio. Among the company was Mrs. Lehr, an American lady. Hearing what was said, Mrs. Lehr quietly left the exhibition, and returned a short time later bringing with her a copy of the First Folio. To the delight of all present this was put in a show case beside a copy of the 1632 edition, lent by the Bibliothèque Mazarin, in which Louis the Fourteenth learned to know and love the great poet.

THINGS SAID

Saving, like mercy, is twice blessed.

Sir Ernest Benn

Work is the elixir of life.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell

The good humour of a people is a symptom of its faith.

The British Weekly

No girl who is unable to cook a four-course meal is educated.

Dr. Elizabeth Sloan-Chesser

The one General Strike I have always believed to have a chance of success is the strike against war.

Mr. C. T. Cramp

I think Amundsen's flight was the most wonderful non-stop flight in the history of the world.

Commander Byrd

The true leader of men is he who takes upon himself the form of a servant, who becomes greatest by being least.

Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

June 12, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

3

THE FRIENDLY MOSQUITO

DISEASE AS AN AID TO HEALTH

Paralysed Patients Who are Helped by Malaria

ENEMY BECOMES A FRIEND

Who could have believed that the malarial mosquito would ever come bringing healing in its wings?

Yet this terrible insect, which inflicted disease on whole nations for thousands of years, has been found to carry in the very poison of the germ it harbours an antidote to a form of paralysis from which there was no recovery known to doctors.

It was found, almost by accident, that patients with this form of paralysis, when infected with malaria, showed signs of improvement. In Liverpool for some time past some such patients have, therefore, been deliberately inoculated with malaria. Some, especially those who were in the early stages of the disease, have recovered or seem to have recovered.

A Desperate Remedy

In some ways malaria might be thought a desperate remedy, but malaria is curable. The disease it apparently alleviates is otherwise usually fatal. The most extraordinary aspect of the "malaria cure" is that if the patient is quickly infected by the germ he has a better chance of rallying from his paralysis.

Malarial mosquitoes cannot easily be brought from the regions where they abound, so English mosquitoes are first infected with the germ and then allowed to infect the patients in their turn. It is a very delicate operation, and perhaps one ought not to say that the remedy is one that can be depended on; but the Liverpool observers, who have been very careful, have high hopes of it.

They have been carrying on their work now for four years, and they report that, though some of the patients who were infected with malaria received no benefit, about one in four of those treated have regained their powers and have been able to return to civil life. At first paralytic patients were infected with the malaria germ from the blood of people known to have it, but this method was discontinued as being too dangerous.

The procedure of infection by mosquitoes then followed. The kind of malaria which they convey is that known as Benign Tertian, which, as its name implies, is a mild form of the disease.

Breeding Mosquitoes

The mosquitoes belong to the Ministry of Health, which breeds them; and one of their officials carries them to the institution where they are wanted. The insects are starved for a few days before being applied to the patient, who should develop malaria in about a fortnight.

The mosquitoes employed are brought from Romney Marsh, which for hundreds of years has had a great reputation for its mosquitoes, though it is only the summer visitors who call them by that name. To the farmers and the shepherds who tend their sheep among the innumerable dykes of the marsh, where the insects breed, they are just gnats.

A LONDON BOTTLE'S CRUISE

A bottle dropped in the Thames at London in October, 1924, has just been picked up on the beach near Criccieth, in North Wales, and the note in the bottle, written by David Williams, aged 14, has been forwarded to the C.N. by the scholars of Criccieth Council School.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS



H. L. Collins, Captain, New South Wales



W. Bardsley, Vice-captain, New South Wales



W. H. Ponsford, Victoria



C. V. Grimmett, South Australia



A. J. Richardson, South Australia



W. M. Woodfull, Victoria



J. M. Taylor, New South Wales



H. L. Hendry, Victoria



C. G. Macartney, New South Wales



J. M. Gregory, New South Wales



J. Ellis, Victoria



W. A. Oldfield, New South Wales



J. S. Ryder, Victoria



A. A. Mailey, N.S.W.



S. Everett, New South Wales



T. J. Andrews, N.S.W.

The first of this year's Test Matches between England and Australia is being played today, Saturday, at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, and here we give portraits of the Australian cricketers from whom the team for the great match has been selected

THE EARTH'S TOP POCKET

LAND THAT NEVER WAS

Is the World Like an Orange or Like a Pear?

NORTH POLE NEWS AND WHAT IT MAY MEAN

On its three-thousand-mile journey over the top of the Earth, Amundsen's airship found no trace of land among the frozen floes and freezing water which cover the North Polar regions from Spitsbergen to Alaska.

There is no North Polar Continent. That and the imagined islands which might have studded the ice-bound ocean have vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. It is to be noted that Peary, in his dash to the Pole, thought he had sighted distant land, but the Norge's fruitless search for it was far more thorough, and it seems quite evident now, especially in view of what the voyagers on the Norge have told us of the snowstorms and the fogs which invade those solitudes, that any land which previous exploration may have hinted at was only a mirage.

A Theory Confirmed

In polar latitudes the mirage is by no means uncommon, and is, indeed, what might be expected from the low altitude of the Sun and from the continually shifting layers of air.

Geographically this disproof of the existence of land at the North Pole is valuable because it confirms a theory of the Earth's shape and of the distribution of its great continental land masses and oceans which was first put forward in 1875 by Lowthian Green and has mainly held its own since. Briefly it is that a spinning globe like the Earth, which began by being hot and has been continually cooling, would be moulded into a shape that was not like an orange, but something which, viewed from a great distance, would resemble a big fat pear.

The Great Land Masses

The Earth pear would have great bulk where now all the great land masses are situated. It would also have something like a waist curving inward below this "chest," and in these concave curves the oceans would nestle when the steaming clouds above and around the Earth condensed into water. Thus below the huge land masses are gathered the South Atlantic, the Indian, and the Pacific Oceans; and the land masses, only a few miles on the average above the ocean depths, taper down southwards into these waters at the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. Lastly, there would be a stalk to the pear which would consist of another land mass on the South Pole. This is known to form the Antarctic Continent.

When the Oceans Formed

This was the first disposition of land and waters on the Earth when the globe had cooled enough to allow oceans to form, and it has been greatly broken up and dislocated by the rotating Earth's movements since, and has also suffered in shape by the efforts of the Earth's crust to fit itself over the cooling and shrinking core. But the main features, the big continents, and the small continent at the South Pole, have remained.

What was wanted to complete the theory was the demonstration that at the North Pole, above the great masses of Asia, Europe, and America, was a level lower than their average land level, or, in other words, a pocket where water would collect. An ocean, rather than land, would fit better in the fifty-year-old theory, and the Norge's voyage seems to show that the theory was right.

OUR GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND SAVED FROM THE HOME OFFICE

The Great Power Parliament
Has Given Us All

PULL THE UGLY THINGS DOWN

When Parliament passed a new law last year to prevent the spoiling of the countryside by offensive advertisements everybody assumed that now at last the way was clear for putting a stop to this great nuisance.

But the Home Office saw difficulties where there were none, and ever since it has held the local authorities of the country in restraint, for fear they should exceed their powers and be pulled up by the courts of law. The courts have now decided, however, in favour of the law as everybody except the Home Office appears to understand it, and the C.N. hopes that the Home Office will now cease to hinder the work of saving the countryside from the spoilers.

The Home Office and the Law

Under the new Act the local authorities have power to protect, in the first place, "the view of rural scenery from a highway or railway or from any public place or water," and, in the second place, the good appearance of any village within the area of a rural district council.

A number of local authorities proceeded to adopt by-laws saying that ugly advertisements must not be put up in any part of their area; but the Home Office stepped in and announced that it could not sanction them in this form. The local authorities must make a list of "particular places within their areas" where they thought advertisements should be forbidden.

The Wembdon Hill Case

Now in the beautiful counties of England it would take a lifetime to set down a list of the beauty spots which must not be disfigured, together with a detailed catalogue of their boundaries as required for this kind of Home Office schedule, and the result was that the new Act was already becoming a dead letter, killed by the Government Department whose business it was to keep it alive in the public interest.

Happily the law is not quite so stupid as the Home Office thought it to be. The Somerset County Council had scheduled a "view" known as Wembdon Hill, and the Home Office had approved the schedule, and a bill-posting company had posted six advertisements on a road near by. The Council prosecuted the company and the Somersetshire justices convicted; but the company contended that the by-law was not legal, and the case came before the High Court.

A High Court Ruling

The High Court has now pronounced judgment through the Lord Chief Justice. Instead of having been watching to catch out local authorities, as the Home Office seemed to expect it to do, the High Court announced that it would assume that an elected local authority administered its by-laws in a spirit of reason and good sense. If the Somerset County Council consider that advertisements on the road near Wembdon Hill, or anywhere else, disfigure the scenery, there is an end of the matter. By-laws which carry out the Act are in order, and convictions under them will stand.

The Home Office and the Home Secretary have been preaching patriotism with much vigour lately; perhaps they will now begin to give a practical demonstration of their own patriotism by helping us all in the struggle to

A WHITE MAN BILL COLOUR BAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

Grave Issue Raised in the
Union Parliament

INDIANS AND NEGROES IN MINES AND FACTORIES

South Africa has withdrawn its Flag Bill for the present, but a very unhappy decision has been taken after a two years' fight on its Colour Bar Bill, which is now passed into law.

Up to three years ago Negroes were forbidden by a regulation of the Ministry of Mines to undertake certain skilled work in the mines, but the Transvaal Supreme Court then declared that the regulation was "repugnant to the law of the land, unreasonable, capricious, and arbitrary."

The decision made no practical difference, because the mine owners still engaged white men and not Negroes for all skilled work. But the white workers did not feel safe, and they persuaded the Government to bring in a Bill last year to alter the law as laid down by the judges. It was carried in the House of Assembly but rejected by the Senate, and the same thing happened this year. When a Bill is twice passed by the Assembly and rejected by the Senate it may be put before a joint meeting of the two Houses, and that is what has happened with this Bill. It was carried by 83 votes to 67.

A Needless Humiliation

It was already the law that certain responsible duties in mines and factories may only be performed by people with certificates of competence, and that would seem to be a quite sufficient safeguard; but the new law says that no native or Asiatic may do this work even if he has a certificate. The new law refers to factories as well as mines; to the whole of the South African Union and not only to the Transvaal; and to Indians as well as Negroes; and it is deeply resented by both as a needless humiliation.

It must be remembered that most of these people have no votes, and that it is proposed to take away the votes of the rest of them. The recent South African Economic and Wage Commission denounced this kind of Colour Bar as both bad economics and bad morals. "On general principles (said the Commissioners) it appears to us an unsound policy to exclude a class which has no representative in Parliament from economic opportunities at present open to them, for the benefit of the politically privileged class."

A HAGUE JUDGMENT

Poland v. Germany

The Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague has given judgment against the Polish Government in an action brought by Germany.

Poland had seized certain nitrate works at Chorzow, in Silesia, to the injury of some German companies, and had given notice of its intention to take possession of rural properties belonging to Germans.

Both these actions have been pronounced illegal, the Polish judge alone dissenting from this judgment.

Continued from the previous column

preserve our green and pleasant land from desecration.

Law and order are great things, but beauty is a great thing, too, and it is largely because our country is so beautiful that we pay a high price for law and order in it. There now lies in the hands of our local authorities the most powerful means they have ever had in their grasp for keeping the countryside beautiful, and we hope all C.N. readers will do their utmost to see that this new power is used, and that hideous signs and sights that offend the eye are pulled down everywhere.

COMMANDER BYRD AMERICA'S NORTH POLE AIRMAN

Looking Down on a Hundred
Thousand Square Miles

EXPLORER'S CAREER

Commander R. E. Byrd, who flew from Spitsbergen in his plane over the North Pole, is in England now, planning a further flight which will take him over the South Pole. He is one of the men who could answer the question many a boy has asked—How does one become an explorer?

He was one of the boys who asked it—and answered it. A great explorer is born, but the successful explorer is made. He must train for it, work for it, learn for it. Young Byrd had travel in his blood. He went round the world when he was ten. He dreamed of getting to the North Pole when he was a man, and he learnt everything that books or men could teach him of the Arctic. Every Arctic voyage set him tingling with expectation and suspense.

Preparing for the Adventure

Nansen reached the 86th parallel, but the Pole was still unconquered; there was still a chance. Peary, after a lifetime of effort, reached the goal of every explorer's ambition, and young Byrd's hopes fell with a crash. His only consolation was that Peary was a fellow-American.

But that happened when the young explorer was only a naval cadet, and all the possibilities of exploration by air were still to be unfolded. So he went on training himself, and preparing for the great adventure he determined should some day come to him.

He was not a sturdy lad, but he hardened himself to cold and hardship. On the North Atlantic coast, with its furious gales and searching blizzards, he sought danger for the sake of what it taught him of the risks of the Arctic circle—to which his thoughts always turned as the needle seeks the Pole.

Flying in Greenland

It was not all self-seeking ambition. This brave man has medals and recommendations for heroism and for saving life in those seas. After the war the Navy Department recommended him for duty in Greenland, which was hum-drum work compared with seeking or finding the Pole. But it was man's work, and of the highest value to geography. He supervised 6000 miles of flying over the unmapped regions of that ice-bound land, and it was as the result of this exhausting labour that he came back last October declaring that the flying-machine would conquer the Arctic, and the Antarctic too.

He proved the first part of his prophecy a month or two ago. The future holds out to him the opportunity of fulfilling the second part beneath the Southern Cross.

Below Zero

Commander Byrd, describing his adventures, explains that visibility from 1000 to 4000 feet extended from 100 to 150 miles. They could always see over all the circle with a radius of 60 miles, and from the plane they saw at least a hundred thousand square miles of polar sea. They covered ten thousand miles of unexplored territory and saw no life anywhere. The temperature at the Pole was just zero, but the average of the flight was six or seven degrees below it.

The commander declares that he circled thirteen times round the Pole, and recalls with delight that he had with him a coin which Peary took with him to the Pole—the only thing, perhaps, in existence which has been twice to the top of the world.

And it must have been a special delight to him—as to all boys who read of it—that the commander took his dog with him as a companion.

WHAT ROBIN DID IN THE GREAT STRIKE

Down in the country a pair of robins^s were looking for a home.

They were, like all robins, inclined to be original in the matter of nests. They had had an eye on a hole in an old wall down by the river, on a saucepan thrown away in the hedge, on a boot that lay down among the growing corn.

While they were thinking about it they flew away over the trees, over the two white, shining lines down which those terrible monsters rushed so often, puffing up steam and smoke. In a quiet corner they found a big box, almost as big as the gardener's shed they would have built in last year but for the gardener's little boy. It was full of big black stones. It stood on a piece of the shining lines, but it stood still.

They watched it a couple of days. Mrs. Robin was undecided. Her husband was quite sure that it was the very spot, and after a bit she agreed. Then there was a busy time, dear me! Those two robins could hardly breathe, they were so busy building that nest. They settled in very happily and the days passed, and presently five blue eggs lay in the nest.

Back to the Old Saucepan

Then, one day, a dreadful thing happened. Some more big black boxes came shunting down, and banged the robins' house very badly. Mr. and Mrs. Robin flew to the top of the tree and watched, and what should they see but a huge thing puffing fire and smoke coming down the shining lines. It stopped, there was more banging, and then they saw their big box go sliding away.

They flew after it, dreadfully unhappy for a time, but Mr. Robin cheered up his wife very much by saying, "Of course, you were right. You did not want a nest there, and I did. You were quite right. Where would you like to go now?" "What about the old saucepan?" said Mrs. Robin.

Off they went, busy as ever.

In the meantime the coal truck was taken miles and miles, and left at Slough. A man began to unload it, and what should he find but a robin's nest with five eggs in it tucked safely in between two pieces of coal!

And that is what two robins did in the Great Strike.

ONE MORE STEP FORWARD

Good News About Diphtheria

From a Correspondent

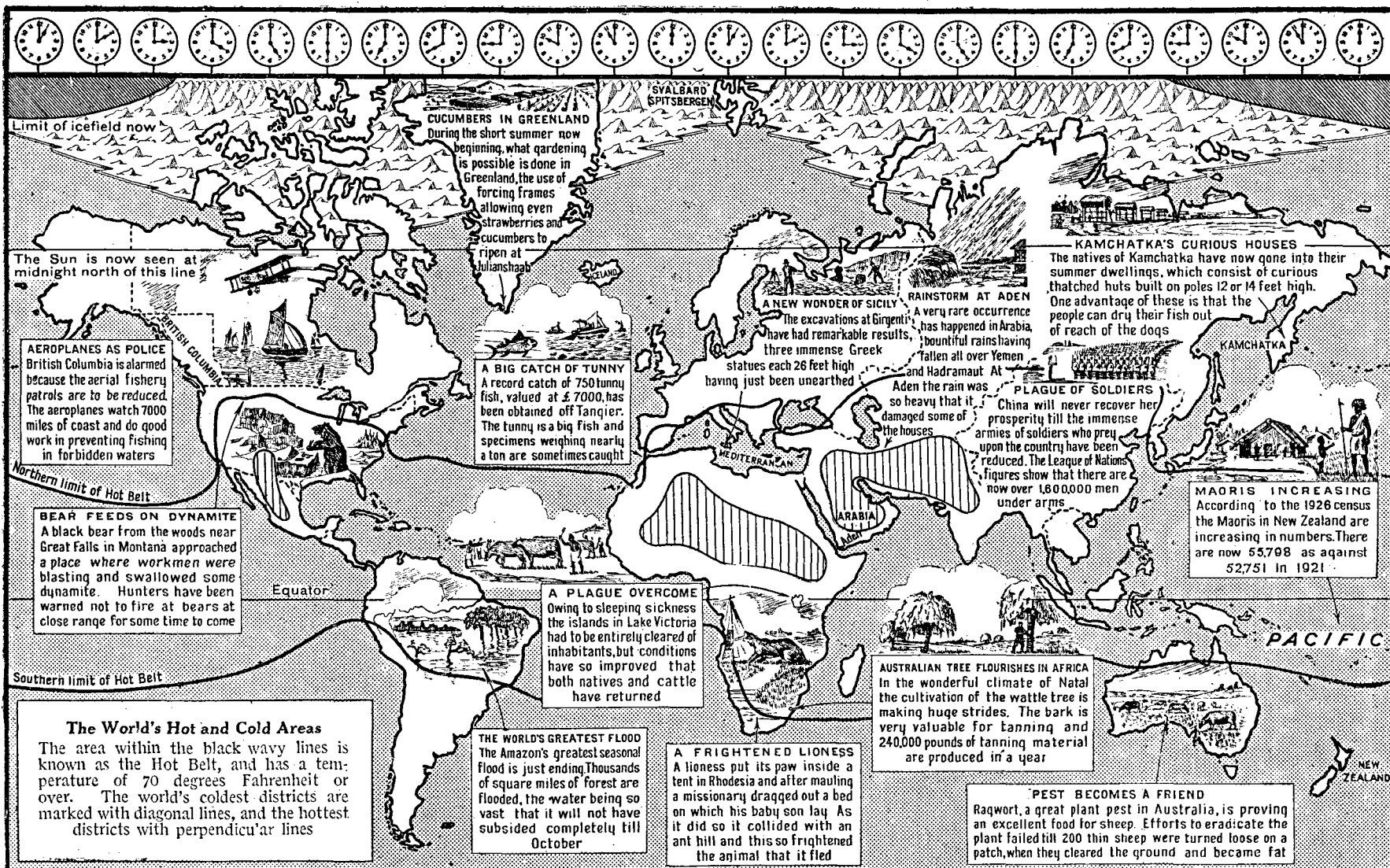
We are always coming on hopeful news about disease; we know how ardently doctors are fighting it, and we are delighted to hear specially cheering news from across the Atlantic with regard to practical measures now being taken against diphtheria.

A mild anti-toxin, an inoculation which makes people safe, is now given to thousands of children in New York. The children are first tested to see if they are likely to catch diphtheria. This is done by a method invented by Dr. Bela Shick.

A very small dose of diphtheria toxin is injected into the skin at the wrist, and a red spot appears there in a day or two if the patient is liable to take the disease. If no red spot appears, the child need not have an inoculation.

The number of cases in New York City has rapidly decreased, and over a million preventive doses were administered last season. We shall probably soon take all our inoculations in a perfectly natural way.

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT AND COLD AREAS



EVERY MAN'S VOTE IN EGYPT

First Election on Full Franchise ZAGHLUL BACK AGAIN

Another attempt is to be made to let Egyptians govern themselves.

A General Election has been held, and, as in the case of the two previous elections, Zaghlul Pasha has won a great majority, this time greater than ever. The Government Party has been practically wiped out.

Zaghlul resigned after the assassination of the Sirdar, and his successor dissolved Parliament. When the elections gave another Zaghlulist Parliament he dissolved that too, and did not summon another. For over a year Egypt was governed by a Prime Minister whose appointment had no Parliamentary support.

Zewar Pasha, the new Premier, promulgated a new law on the authority of King Fuad. This was strongly opposed, and Zewar gave way and restored the Zaghlul Law. The election just held is the first under this law, which gives a direct vote to every man.

WHERE THE WIRELESS COMES FROM A Brilliant Invention

Seeing just where a wireless message is coming from has been made possible by a brilliant invention of the Radio Research Station near Slough.

Two frame aerials are mounted at right angles to each other, and the received signals are made to operate a cathode ray beam which causes a bright spot to appear on a fluorescent screen. This spot instantly takes up a position on the screen showing the direction from which the wireless signals are coming.

Frame aerials fitted into the wings of aeroplanes are also being used to enable the pilot to find his bearings before alighting at an aerodrome.

LONDON LOSES ANOTHER CHANCE

University Lets a Free Site Go

London University's great chance of erecting buildings worthy of its fame on land provided free of charge has gone by.

The land, nearly twelve acres behind the British Museum, near University College, goes back to the Duke of Bedford under a time-limit because the conditions laid down by the Government have not been fulfilled. One of these conditions was that King's College should be removed from the Strand.

The University Senate has explained that the only condition on which King's College would agree to move could not be fulfilled under the terms of the offer, and that for that reason the University was in its turn unable to fulfil the conditions laid down by the Government.

It is all very confusing; all that one can conclude is that there has been great obstinacy and stupidity somewhere.

COURAGE AT SEVEN MILES HIGH

A Man's Decision in the Clouds

The other day, when Lieutenant MacReady of the United States Air Service set up a new American record of 38,704 feet high, he had an alarming experience.

He had got his plane as far up as possible, and was making observations, when he found himself suddenly weakening. His oxygen supply had run out, but fortunately he had an emergency tank, and switched it on just in time.

Then the aviator did a very plucky thing. His emergency oxygen supply was compressed under 1600 pounds pressure, and instead of descending immediately he continued his work until the pressure gauge registered only 1000 pounds, which he calculated would just bring him safely to the level where he could breathe.

This is surely a great instance of pluck when flying over seven miles up in the air.

KRUGER PARK

South Africa's New Playground TOURIST AMONG THE LIONS

The huge Sabre Game Preserve, two hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, which skirts the eastern border of the Transvaal, has been nationalised under the name of Kruger Park, and it is thought that if travel facilities can be set up it may become a popular holiday resort for the people of South Africa.

Colonel Hamilton, the Warden of the Preserve, has been making his report. There are many fine views from the hilltops, and some magnificent river gorges, to say nothing of rock climbing; and there are unique opportunities for studying the fauna and flora of the district, while the caves are a happy hunting ground for the archaeologist.

The few resident natives live unspoiled under their tribal law, sharing the protection of the Reserve with many wild beasts; and the tourist, if he comes, will find himself among water buck, elephants, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, giraffes, buffaloes, wild dogs, leopards, hyenas, and lions.

THE PRESIDENT

A Little Walk Abroad

Monsieur Doumergue, the President of the French Republic, is fond of slipping out of his palace by the side-door every morning and taking a little walk.

He loves to avoid passing out by the principal entrance, and to evade the police officials whose duty it is to watch over the safety of the Head of the State.

In his plain overcoat he fancies that he has the appearance of a man of business going to his office; and each time he is able to give the slip to his daily companions the eternal smile which brightens his jovial face broadens into a laugh.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Girgenti	Jer-jen-te
Hadramaut	Had-drah-mawt
Modena	Mo-day-nah
Sennacherib	Se-nak-e-rib

GINEVRA

A Sad Legend Come True TWO BOYS TRAPPED IN A CHEST

One of the sad legends that are told to children has just found a counterpart in real life at Geneva, where that which befell poor Ginevra in the ballad of the Mistletoe Bough has happened to two little lads at play.

Most of us can recall the old legend, which is traced back to Italy and to Modena, where, as the tale goes, Ginevra fled laughing on her wedding day to hide from the bridegroom, Francesco Doria, and was never seen again. She had hid herself in one of those great old cedar-wood dower chests of Italian houses, and the lid, with its spring lock, had closed down on her. Years and years afterwards a skeleton, with her necklace of pearls and emeralds, was found in the chest, and this was all that ever was found of the lady.

It seems an unlikely story; perhaps, when hearing it at Christmas, most children hope that it is not true. But there seems no doubt about the truth of the sad story of the two little Swiss boys who hid themselves the other day in a big trunk in an attic.

When they were missed the whole countryside was scoured in vain for them, and it was only ten days after their disappearance that someone by chance went to the attic to search the chest for an old military uniform—and found the two missing children asleep in death.

Oddly enough, another adventure of the kind has befallen two boys at Otley, in Yorkshire. In their play they got into a big locker on a cricket ground, and the lid fell down and imprisoned them. The locker being in an isolated place no one heard their cries for help, and they must have been suffocated had not two cricketers come to look for some equipment later in the day. By that time the boys had spent ten hours in the locker, and one of them was almost exhausted.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 12

1926

A Man Called Help

EVERY one of us must help the country all he can.

When John Bunyan's Pilgrim was tumbling about in a very miry bog he had the good fortune to find a man called Help. "Give me thy hand," said this good man, so he gave him his hand and he drew him out, and set him on sound ground, and bade him go on his way.

Happily for us, we know some people who belong to the same family. There is the boy who jumps off his bicycle when he sees another rider struggling with a puncture. There is another who seems to enjoy lending a hand to a schoolboy who is dull in his maths., or to like nothing better than to coach beginners at the nets. There are all those people who seem to be for ever helping lame dogs over stiles.

They are an old and honourable family, the Helps. In our own time we could name many of them. Dr. Barnardo, when he pulled little children out of the slums of loneliness and want, was a king's officer called Help. The founder of the Salvation Army was of the same family. Then we remember how Dr. Nansen, with his friends, has rescued hundreds of thousands of prisoners and refugees. There is a lady in Sweden who is known as the Angel of Siberia for the service she gave to the sick and the starving in that great land. There was Agnes Weston, who gave her life for the sailors; and Florence Nightingale, who gave her life for the soldiers. There was Grace Darling, who stands for ever among our noblest heroes for the help she gave to a shipwrecked crew. There were William and Catherine Mompesson, who gave their lives for the Derbyshire village which shut itself off from the world to prevent plague from spreading in the countryside.

One thing we can take for granted; if we were able to speak to any of this great family of Helps, from the days when first they took this name till now, and if we said, "How good it was of you to help others!" they would smile and say: "Not a bit! We had the best of it all the time." We began with our immortal John Bunyan; we may close with his riddle:

A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had.

Or, if we go to the Book from which John Bunyan learned his beautiful language and his rich store of wisdom, we might find the proverb:

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing;
There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

Mr. Help may leave no fortune, but he will die a rich man.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Solution that Came in a Dream

This story is perfectly true. It is vouched for by a C.N. friend.

How strange dreams are! A visitor to New York was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one morning and saw two young men sitting in a shop window, trying to work out a bent-nail puzzle. He examined the puzzle, and could not do it. That night, however, the Englishman dreamed exactly how it was to be done. He bought the puzzle the next day, and was able to solve it at once!

The Winds

By Our Country Girl

THE winds from the north,
The east, and the west,
They vowed they would prove
Which wind blew the best.
Their bugles they brought,
And fiercely they blew:
"There's nothing (they said)
The winds cannot do!"

THEY sunk a whole fleet,
They wrecked a whole town,
They blew the sand up,
They blew the sea down.
But spite of their might
On land and on sea
The winds could not blow
My friend's love from me!

A Myth Explodes

HERE is a bit of news to make us hold up our heads.

We have often been scolded as a lazy generation, and people have sighed for a return to the past, when the working man was a craftsman who was proud of his skill, and took a joy in his work.

Well, the Dean of Windsor has written a report of the restorations in St. George's Chapel which contradicts all that. He cannot say too much of the men who have done the work, and he has never seen one idle or seen a bit of work scamped. But one of the difficulties which has held these modern workmen back has been the lazy and dishonest work done by their ancestors!

Those who restored the chapel in the 18th century had merely hidden the dangerous cracks by cement and whitewash, so that the building was in a perilous state. Worse still was the discovery that the builders of Henry the Eighth's time had scamped their work, too. The whole roof was insecure because of them, and much of their work had to be done again.

We do not want to belittle our ancestors, but it is good to know that all the virtues did not die with them.

He who lives without a goal lives a sorry life. For the life of the mind there can be no joy unless we have a goal before us. . . DE GERANDO

From a New York Letter

This is a little item from the postbag of a C.N. friend.

NEW YORK is an amazing town. The other morning we saw a woman mount a bus and ride around the corner, just to get across the street. And a little later a blind man was encountered selling "A Blind Man's Experiences: Three Thousand Miles on a Tandem Bicycle!"

Tip-Cat

STUDENTS at a commercial college type to music. But do not all strike the same key.

CORSICA is full of outlaws. No room there for mother and other in-laws.

A READER has seen a bricklayer working as hard as before the war. (Note. It was on a film.)

Now's the time, writes a correspondent, for amateur photographers to get busy. The face of Nature is beginning to look pleasant.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If beefeaters
eat beef

WET days in London are not so depressing as they used to be. They are, however, still as wet as ever.

ONE of the arts of life, says a popular author, is to know when and how to be selfish. That is not so much art as artfulness.

THE peer who knows none more generous than the people of Aberdeen

is understood never to have been anywhere else.

APPLES are very backward this year. Yet everybody is looking forward to them.

THE Mayor of Buffalo denies that the English are stupid and thick-headed. Why this flattery?

Time to Live

WHO was Sir Charles Bagot? We cannot remember at the moment, but we do recall one of his remarks. He said once to his cousin:

I like three hours for dressing, but I can, if necessary, huddle on my things in an hour and a half!

Personally, we like three minutes, but we can, if necessary, huddle our things on in a minute and a half. Yet what glorious days they must have been when men had time to live!

A Red Indian's Prayer on a Journey

O Great Spirit!
Thou hast made this lake;
Thou hast also created us as Thy children;
Thou art able to make this water calm
Until we have safely passed over.

A Certain Street

By One Who Passes Through It

THERE is a certain London street which, though in a poverty-stricken area, contrives to maintain, in face of difficulties, an air of Early Victorian respectability.

One or two small shops, it is true, have invaded the street, but only from either end, and for nine-tenths of its length a discreet residential aspect has been preserved. The houses, of sound London brick, are all alike, built right out to the footpath; yet the effect is not depressing; for they are only two storeys high, with a roof-line regularly broken by a kind of gable, and there is a sober gaiety about door-knockers and letter-boxes that effectively disposes of any impression of monotony.

A Healthy Rivalry

And, indeed, I think it was the glitter of brass in the morning sun that first suggested to me the reason of the street's fight against the depressing influence of its surroundings.

Daily observation showed that the desire to keep up appearances was fostered by healthy rivalry. Some of the houses have a projecting line of brickwork near the ground covered with a sloping coat of cement, and one housewife taking the trouble to hearth-stone it when she cleaned her doorstep, her example was followed by her neighbours on either side until a continuous strip of white extended all along the terrace.

The passion for polished brass door-knockers had, I am sure, a similar origin. Mrs. B. one day resolved that her front door should be as resplendent as elbow-grease could make it, and Mrs. D., who lives opposite, noted the unwonted glory of gleaming metal and resolved in turn not to be outdone. So before long every brass door-knocker and door-knob and letter-box in the street shone in the morning light like brass fittings on shipboard.

Sociable Neighbours

But not every house is thus furnished, and every morning as I pass on my way to work I see one or two women busy with their stove-brushes, giving a fresh burnish to iron door-knockers and the bolts of the opened shutters. A good deal of gossiping, too, goes on; for the street is sociable, and neighbours exchange news and opinions as they make their house-fronts bright and clean.

Somehow this London street is strangely attractive by reason of a certain aloofness and dignity which is lacking in many more important thoroughfares. Its inhabitants have to take precautions against annoyance by small boys. For example, the electric bell-pushes are set high in the door-jambs, and the morning milk-can is hung on a nail well out of reach of prowling cats or hungry youngsters.

But the old street lives its own life, and lets the roaring stream of London sweep past its quiet backwater. And it keeps its self-respect.

PICTURES OVER THE SEA

A MARVEL BECOMING COMMONPLACE

Daily Photographs of the Life of Europe for America

HOW IT IS DONE

By a Scientific Correspondent

A few weeks ago Captain Ranger, a well-known wireless expert, came to this country from America for the purpose of setting up his instruments for sending pictures by wireless.

The machines were installed at the top of Radio House, in London, where wireless telegrams are despatched day and night to all parts of the world. The first tests were successful, and, although not a great deal has been said about them, a regular daily service has been established, and photographs are sent by wireless to New York every evening.

How the Pictures are Sent

It might be wondered why we do not see more of these transatlantic pictures over here; but the Americans are much more interested in us than we are in them, at any rate as far as photographs of daily events are concerned, and so it is that, while sometimes ten or fifteen pictures are sent by wireless to America in a day, only occasional pictures are published in England.

A photograph to be sent across the Atlantic is printed on a celluloid film, and this transparent picture is wrapped round a glass cylinder. The rays from a powerful electric lamp are passed through the picture as the cylinder revolves, and are then focussed on a photo-electric cell. This cell generates a feeble electric current when light falls upon it, and the current is amplified by valves until it is of sufficient power to operate a telegraph key. The key works the ordinary transatlantic wireless current, and thus electric signals corresponding to the light and dark parts of the photograph are sent across the sea.

By Land Line and Wireless

Actually the picture telegram is sent over the ordinary land line to Carnarvon, where it is converted into wireless. It is again converted on the other side of the Atlantic into ordinary telegraphic current and sent overland to the very heart of New York City, where the receiving instrument is housed. Captain Ranger showed a C.N. representative the other day how he watches the fate of the picture on its journey across the sea. The wireless signals sent from the great Carnarvon station reach London as well, of course, and they are picked up by an aerial on the roof of Radio House and made to work a duplicate receiving machine side by side with the sending apparatus. The picture is produced on the receiver by an electric pen, which dots a sheet of paper with ink each time a signal is received from the aerial. It is thus possible to watch the photograph being reproduced, and if it is not quite perfect the duplicate instrument shows what alteration is needed.

1000 Machines Ordered in U.S.A.

A good deal of trouble has been experienced with atmospherics, and the time of sending a picture has been lengthened from ten minutes to about half an hour. But the photographs sent in this time a distance of 3000 miles are being used every day in the American newspapers, and there is no doubt that as time goes on we shall get accustomed to seeing them here. It is interesting to know that a thousand telegraph machines for sending photographs over telephone lines are at this moment on order in the United States for the American newspapers, which now publish such pictures as a matter of course, without referring to the fact that they are telegraphed.

Already the novelty has gone from this latest triumph of telegraphy.

SMALL PACKETS OF ELECTRICITY

A NEW theory of electricity somewhat startling to those who have been accustomed to think of an electric current as flowing through a wire has been proposed by Sir J. J. Thomson.

It is not very long since the world of science was stirred by the theory of Planck that light does not travel in waves but is thrown out from a luminous body in small "packets" which he called quanta.

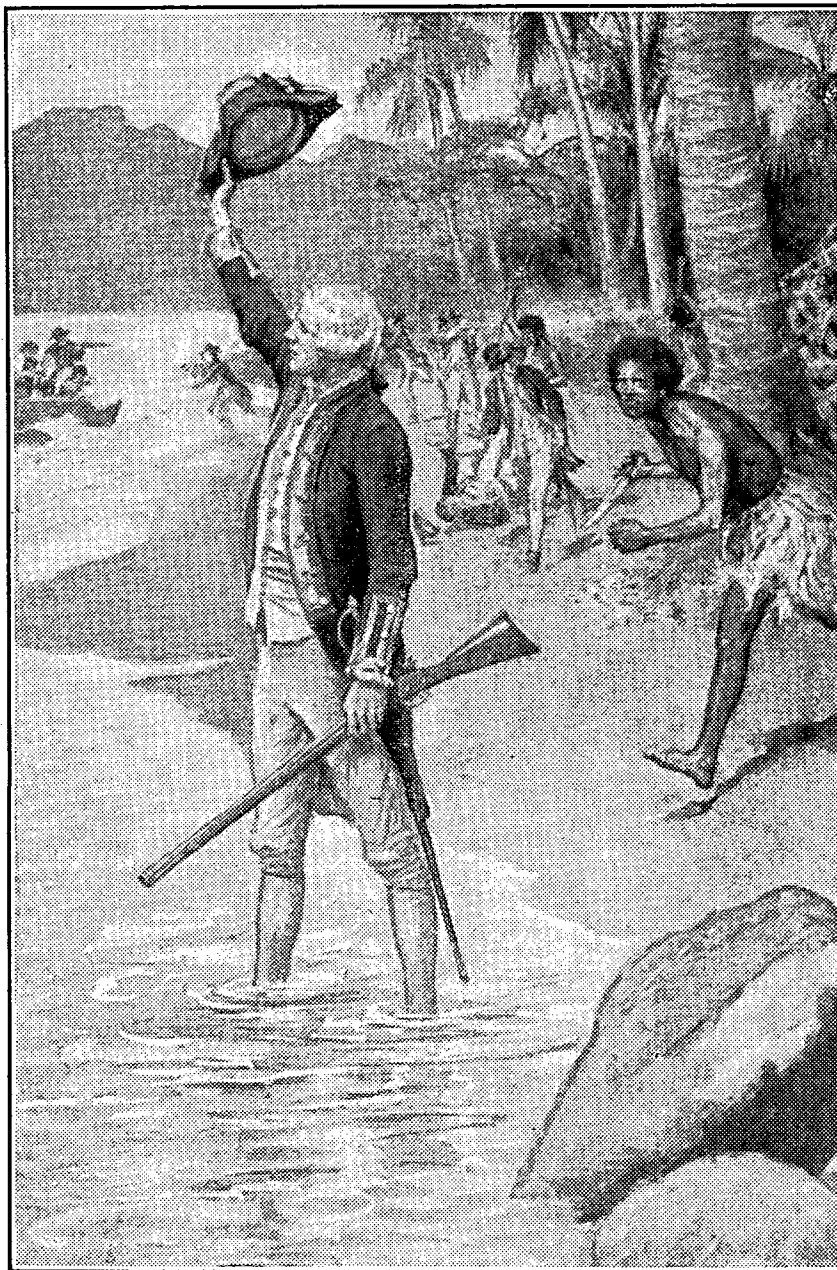
Sir Joseph Thomson now suggests that electric force takes place in fits and starts, and we may be asked to add the idea of a steadily-flowing electric current to the long list of discarded theories.

It is not generally known that when gas is compressed it exerts on the vessel

in which it is stored a force that is not really continuous, but is actually a rapid succession of blows following each other without any definite order. If we combine Sir Joseph Thomson's new theory with the theory that light consists of these little parcels or quanta, we shall have to imagine a ray of light, which we have hitherto looked upon as an electromagnetic wave, as actually something very much like a long line of smoke rings blown through the air.

It is quite likely that we may have to revise our ideas of electricity, and that the new theory will lead us nearer to understanding the nature of the wonderful force which seems to hold the secret of life, matter, and power.

LATE NEWS OF CAPTAIN COOK



There has now been published, for the first time in English, the description of Captain Cook's death by a seaman who sailed with him and saw him die, slain by Hawaii natives with a dagger he gave to them. See page one

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A sovereign lost 20 years ago by a client has just been found in a solicitor's office where some desks were moved.

The largest barrel in the world has just been built at El Taville-on-the-Rhine, with a capacity of over 70,000 gallons.

The Flower Exchange

An enterprising Canadian newspaper runs a Flower Exchange Column in which gardeners can arrange to exchange plants among themselves.

Submarine Wireless

Some of the large American submarines are being equipped with wireless. Even when running submerged the programmes came through.

The local Council has ordered that donkeys on Paignton sands must not be worked more than eight hours a day.

A dog named Mac, which had collected about £250 for Lincoln charities, has just died.

A Spring in the Atlantic

A freshwater spring in the ocean has been discovered five miles off the east coast of Florida. It runs at the rate of several million gallons an hour.

Canada's Trout Cargo for Japan

Canadian brook trout may soon be common in the streams and rivers of Japan. A preliminary cargo of fifty thousand has been sent from Vancouver.

A WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER

ZOO'S FIRST REINDEER BABY

A Memory of Arctic and Tropical England

SIGNATURES OF FROST AND FIRE

While modern science has been sending winged men to explore the Arctic from the air, the Arctic has been contributing a little citizen to the heart of the temperate zone.

Our great London Zoo has a new-born reindeer baby, daughter of two adult reindeer housed there, rather an ungainly midget at present, but high in honour and estimation as the first reindeer ever born there.

So at least the records say, and so it is so far as the epoch known to man is concerned. But if we could dig into the earthy foundations of the Zoo we should doubtless find there the remains of many a reindeer which once roamed this land of ours. Indeed, their teeming relics all over England, Scotland, and Ireland are among the proofs of the old-time connection between Europe and the other continents.

How Reindeer Came to Europe

Ireland once swarmed with reindeer which, originating in North America, crossed by land or ice to Greenland, to Iceland, on to the north of Scotland and so into Ireland. A second branch of the reindeer family is supposed to have marched out of America by the Bering Strait when dry land existed there, and to have extended right across western Europe, possessing the whole of England and southern Scotland.

The reindeer was here in our Ice Age, but not alone; with it came the glutton, marmot, Arctic fox, elk, Norwegian lemming, the Siberian mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the snowy owl, and other warm-blooded children of the frigid North. They found here an Arctic vegetation, the Arctic willow, the Arctic birch, and many other growths which now flourish only in the Arctic regions on the summits and sides of lofty mountains.

But, mingled in the earth with these astonishing clues to the past are myriads of skeletons or parts of skeletons of animals such as are represented today only in the Tropics; lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, monkeys, elephants, hippopotamuses, bears, deer, and, lower still in old layers of the Earth, fossils of the giant reptiles which owned our land.

Using the Buried Past

We have had every phase of climate possible with animals and vegetation proper to each epoch. We fill our museums and private collections with skeletons of animals that once basked here in tropical heat or waxed mighty amid snow and ice; we fertilise our fields and gardens with the fossil bones of our former reptile masters; we warm our houses and drive our trains and machinery with the sunlight stored ages ago in forests long since turned to coal.

Our history is written in alternating terms of ice and heat, and this baby reindeer at the Zoo reminds us of an age in which its ancestors were among the lords of a land that knew not man.

COOLING A GOLD MINE

A Way Found at Last

The workers in an extremely deep gold mine in South Africa have always been badly handicapped by the excessive heat at the lower levels. Even the wholesale use of blocks of ice where the heat was greatest failed to lower the temperature by more than one degree.

The problem has now been largely solved, however, by spraying ice-cold water continuously into the mine through the ventilating system.

THE BRIDGE OF STRIFE

SAD SCENE ON THE VISTULA

How Two Old Friends Met to Start a Revolution

BREAKING THE POLISH PEACE

How rarely it happens, in human history, that those who share the fighting share the triumph! Once again we see it so in the story of the Polish Revolution.

On the bridge at Warsaw which spans the broad Vistula, and in being restored not long ago was hailed as a sign that peace had come at last to distracted Poland, the two men (Marshal Pilsudski and President Wojciechowski) who head the quarrelling Polish factions met for a few minutes on the eve of this fresh party strife.

They met as inevitable opponents, yet once there had been the closest friendship between them. When Poland was under the heel of Russian governorship Pilsudski and Wojciechowski had worked together as Polish patriots who strove to overthrow the alien rule. A little newspaper was circulated among the few who hoped against hope for Polish freedom; and in it the Marshal wrote fiery articles, while the President, a humble compositor, set them up in print. It was dangerous work. It was a penal offence in Russian eyes to possess a copy of this paper.

Victim of Party Strife

That was before Tsarism went down in ruin, before the Vistula bridge was broken and repaired, before Poland was liberated. Yet, now that the country is a free Republic, two of the men who strove and hoped together for that great end have been meeting on the bridge not as friends but as enemies. Something of the old kindness must have lingered about that meeting. They spoke together, but only a word or two. The Marshal, with his two regiments behind him, demanded the resignation of the acting Government. The President, a simple and straightforward man, could but answer that he would not yield to threats. He knew, as he said it, that it was an unavailing answer. The soldier triumphed. His old friend, the victim of the strife of parties, was driven from his house and office; and a new picture of the bridge that led to strife and not to peace has been added to the unhappy history of Poland.

A MOVING HILL

Surrey Beauty Spot Threatened CRACKS A YARD ACROSS

A beautiful Surrey hillside, Betchworth Park, has been on the move, threatening to slide into the valley of the Mole, dam the river, and overwhelm the picturesque Old Castle Mill.

Great fissures appeared, some of them three feet across, cutting out a wedge in the hill, bursting a six-inch water main, and splitting the trunk of a great chestnut tree which straddled the crevasse. The hill is covered with fine old oaks and bracken, with a magnificent avenue of Spanish chestnuts alongside the new arterial road running at its foot, and it looks across the Mole valley to Box Hill.

It was deemed necessary to fell some of the chestnuts and grub up their roots to make room for the road, and a steam grab has been at work cutting away at the bank for the purpose. It is this, some people say, with pile-driving near by for a new bridge over the river, that is supposed to have caused the movement of the hill. A more likely suggestion is that some subterranean spring has found a new course and so disturbed the foundations.

However that may be, it is confidently prophesied that the hill will settle down again in its new position without bringing disaster to the neighbourhood.

The World You Will Grow Up In CHANGES TAKING PLACE IN EVERY LAND

How Knowledge and Power are Being Shared by All the Races

LIFE CAN NEVER BE QUITE THE SAME AGAIN

The Cost of a New World. By Kenneth MacLennan. (Edinburgh House Press, 2s. 6d.)

When we are going on a journey to a new country we try to find out all we can about its people and its customs.

The great multitude of C.N. readers are to live out their lives in a new world; and they will be glad to learn something about it, and how they can make ready for their life when they become citizens of this new country. This is what Mr. Kenneth MacLennan has tried to do for them in this book.

When we say we are living in a new world we may mean one of two things. We may have a new cricket-bat just like the old one, which is now split and useless; the new one is simply another of the same kind. Is our new world to be only just another of the same kind? Or we may find a waste piece of ground and work at it, digging and planting and watering it till there is a garden. The place has become new. It is not another of the old kind, but a changed place.

Kinemas and Motor-Cars

Is our world to be new in this sense? Is it to be the very first of its kind?

This book tells us of many startling changes that are taking place in every land. Certainly there are remarkable things happening of which our fathers never dreamed.

Here are some examples. In the Moslem world two of the best known names are those of film actors; in villages in North Africa, in Turkey, and Persia, men and women see in the cinema pictures of a world to which their fathers were strangers, and sometimes they think we are just like the people in the films. Next to the heroes of the cinema the most popular name in the Near East is that of Henry Ford. This means at least that in the many inventions which man has made all races are beginning to claim their share.

The Youth of the World on Trek

Here is another fact. It is less than sixty years since the American Negroes were set free; now 78 out of every hundred can read and write. The children of the slaves are beginning to claim the opportunity for themselves and for all the black races to play their part in the story of the human family. In Africa the schoolmaster is beginning his work. The British Government is awake to the need, in its own words, of "rousing up capable, trustworthy, public-spirited leaders of the people, belonging to their own races." In the new world there will still be white, black, yellow, and brown peoples, but they will not be as they were in days when the white man alone had modern knowledge and science. When knowledge is shared by all races the world can never be the same again.

In the old world Manchester was the only Cottonopolis. Now in Bombay there are 150 cotton mills and 200,000 operatives; there are over two million factory workers in Japan; and pictures might be shown from Central China which look like pictures of busy Lancashire towns. Some parts of India, China, and Japan are going through exactly the same stages as western Yorkshire and Lancashire went through a little

more than a hundred years ago. This is a new and noteworthy fact.

Then there is a stirring in the youth of all the nations. They are asking what is wrong with the world, and why? In Germany there are the *Wandervögel*, young men and women who, in fearless thought and through fresh contact with Nature, are striving after a new character. They wander about the country with guitars hung from their shoulders, busy with earnest talk and songs. In China there is the Young Thought group. In India it is youth that is behind the new national movements. Everywhere youth is in revolt. Sometimes they are heading for danger. "In the desire to be free men hit out blindly at everything which appears to stand for the old cramping order of things," says Mr. MacLennan. Youth in Christian countries, and in Islam and the Far East, is on trek, not clearly knowing to what goal it is moving.

Will It Be a New World?

It is certain that the world will be new; there will be new peoples on the stage; they will all have to live together. But will it be a different world?

Or will it be only another, much larger, and changed in outward things, but another of the same kind? Will it be new only in that new races are playing the old parts?

If it is going to be different, in the sense of being a better world, with nobler aims and a worthier life for all its peoples, there is a price to be paid. The world will not grow better of its own accord. It will not be new unless we make it new. Mr. MacLennan speaks of the real conflict in which all of us will have to take our part. He says it is between the material and the spiritual. Man has got ahead with his knowledge of Things. He has made wonderful conquests over Nature. But such victories over the sea and the air and the rocks only make it easier for those who are evil in heart to have their way. The good gifts of God may be used for the service of greed and ambition. The conquest of the air made it possible to drop bombs on the cities of mankind. The conquest of the deep made possible the sinking of the Lusitania!

The Old Way of Jesus

It is necessary for man to find a new spirit, and everything depends upon that. A new spirit will make a different world, not another world of the same kind. And who is the Leader in the Conflict? Mr. MacLennan has no doubt upon this matter. "If our country would serve the world the only way open seems to be the old way of Jesus. He stands at the gates of a new world and offers to lead mankind into it. It would be a really new world, for in it the values of Jesus would take the place of old values. But those who would rally to His standard must be ready to pay the price. It is a costly adventure, but it is more than worth while. It may seem madness to attempt such big, apparently impossible things, but it is the madness of Jesus Christ."

No; we shall not have a present made to us of a different world; we shall have something better—a good fight to win it, the best of Leaders, and a victory of which we shall be able to say *We were there*.

FIVE MONTHS ALONE

A Barque's Terrible Voyage

A voyage as terrible and perilous as those of the old navigators has befallen the barque Ponape, which has arrived at Melbourne from Norway after five months at sea.

From the outset everything went against her. The normal length of her voyage was 13,000 miles, but she was so buffeted that by the end of it she had covered 34,000. The amazing thing is that during all this time she only once sighted land.

Blown from the Bay of Biscay to the north of Iceland, she experienced a temperature of 30 degrees below zero, with her fore-castle flooded and every sail ripped off her. Then, when she had at last managed to cross the Bay, she was becalmed in the Tropics.

By the time she reached port her fresh water was nearly gone, but in spite of all her crew were cheerful and well.

A LIVING MIRACLE

Alive After a Broken Neck

A Welshman has bettered the advice of the Norwegian philosopher who said that when you were run over the best thing to do was to pick yourself up and pretend it had never happened. Mr. Ernest Dumayne dislocated his neck eight months ago and is now house-painting at Newport, Monmouthshire.

He was riding pillion on a motorcycle which rushed into a bus, and was picked up for dead. The ambulance took him to the Royal Gwent Hospital, where the doctors found that, though unconscious, he was still breathing. All that medical science could do for him was done, though there was little hope that he could survive the injury, even though he had not been killed by the shock. He has survived both, and he now walks the streets of his native town, a living miracle.

ISLAM AND THE CALIPH

Nothing to be Done

The Cairo Congress on the Caliphate has come and gone, and all that has been done has been to decide that nothing can be done.

The Congress was to decide what a Caliph was for; whether a Caliph was necessary; what were the qualifications for the post; whether it was possible to appoint one; if it was impossible what should be done about it; and if it was necessary and possible, what measures should be taken towards appointing one.

It was decided that it was impossible in the present state of Islam and the Caliphate to set up a Caliph who could undertake the defence of Islam and its laws in the manner laid down in the Koran.

All that could be done was to appoint a Committee with power to call another Congress later, and to promote the formation of committees in all Moslem countries to watch and wait.

A GREAT MUSIC BOOK

Masterpieces Threepence Each

All music lovers among C.N. readers will be interested in a remarkable fortnightly publication called Music Masterpieces.

Each part of this work contains five complete pieces, none of which is obtainable separately under 2s. A glance at the contents of the part now on sale will prove the splendid value which is offered: Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Room for the Factotum of the City); Wagner's *Tannhäuser* (Selection arranged by Herman Finck); Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* (Shadow Song arranged for Piano); Strauss's *The Last Waltz* (Man is Master of His Fate); and the beautiful song, *Land-of-Might-Have-Been*.

Music Masterpieces is obtainable at all newsagents and bookstalls, price 1s. 3d. per part.

June 12, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

9

1000 SQUARE MILES ROUND MANCHESTER

Biggest Planning Scheme in Any Town

CHANGES THAT COME INTO FOUR COUNTIES

The biggest town-planning scheme the world has ever seen has been launched by a committee representing the crowded industrial area round the city of Manchester.

The area to be planned covers a thousand square miles, being 50 miles long by 25 miles broad, with a population of three millions. It cuts into four counties (Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire) and has a rateable value of twenty million pounds. The committee represents 104 local authorities—24 borough councils and eighty district councils—besides the four county councils.

Of course, the committee cannot do much with the towns themselves, but between them are great stretches of open country which are destined to be eaten up in time, and it is very important that these should be used to the best advantage. Then, too, road communication between the towns needs rearranging before the open land is built upon any further.

Mapping Out the Land

So the committee has proposed that the area shall be arranged in 17 groups of local authorities, within which the available land shall be mapped out into business centres, manufacturing centres, residential areas, and open spaces. For open spaces a large number of country houses, or houses in what used to be the country, have been marked down with their estates to be secured for public parks as they come into the market.

Altogether 256 miles of new roads and 79 miles of widened old roads have been planned, intended among other things to prevent traffic between places outside the town centres from having to come into the towns and out again, adding unnecessarily to the crowded traffic there. The most important roads are to be 75 feet wide, and where possible a hundred feet, with all buildings set back 25 feet on each side. The new main roads are to have grass strips and to be planted with trees.

Detailed town planning is to be done, as occasion arises, by special committees in the 17 districts, each with an important town as its centre, under the advice of the central committee. Thus gradually the chaos that has grown up in local government over the area will, it is hoped, be smoothed out. At present there are 26 authorities supplying water, 53 supplying gas, 42 electricity, 97 controlling main drainage, and 23 providing trams and omnibuses.

A BIG DISCOVERY

News for the Engineering World

An interesting discovery has been made in the great Krupp works at Essen.

It has been found that if steel articles are heated in an atmosphere of nitrogen gas, at a temperature about six times that of boiling water, they become exceedingly hard on the surface. Tools treated in this way have very great advantages, as have such things as the bolts, spindles, and axles of high-speed machinery. In some cases grinding tools have been found to last five times as long as those case-hardened in the ordinary way. The nitrogen must be used in its earliest form, and is actually created in the vessel in which the steel is heated.

It is an important discovery, and is likely to prove capable of wide application in the engineering world.

A TALE OF A CROCODILE

And a Mystery of the Sea

About a mile from where blunt-nosed Dungeness looks at the liners going down Channel a Folkestone fishing boat brought up in its trawl a dead crocodile. How did it get there?

Turtles swim in the sea, and so do snakes, but the crocodile never leaves the river for the ocean unless circumstances are too strong for it. Some millions of years ago a crocodile would have been quite at home a mile or so from Dungeness or Romney Marsh, but that was when the landmark of Dungeness had not risen above the tropical swamps of the Age of Reptiles.

This modern crocodile must have come from some place where the tropical sun beats on steaming marshes today; and there is none nearer than West Africa or Florida. So we may suppose that the Dungeness crocodile was an unwilling traveller, snared for exhibition at some Continental Zoo, perhaps even for Regent's Park. He need not have been unhappy so far from his native home. "Old George," the big alligator at the Zoo, seems to enjoy life.

But such a fate was not in store for the Dungeness crocodile. He probably died at sea, and his owners were quite willing to throw him overboard. On the other hand, he may have unwittingly committed suicide. We shall never know, for if it had not been for the Folkestone trawler, the travelled crocodile would have sunk without trace. Peace to his remains! Part of them, the tail, is being kept by the skipper as a keepsake.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER WAYS

Red Indian Camp as It is Today

A correspondent who has been travelling in Canada sends us this note.

Tomahawk, war-whoop, and scalps! Was not that our old idea of the North American Indian? But as I was crossing Canada last year I saw a real Red Indian encampment.

The camp was close to the Canadian Pacific Railway line between Edmonton and Calgary. Six handsome cars were standing there with bright Indian blankets stretched between them. In this new-fashioned wigwam the dusky squaws were cooking breakfast in a frying-pan, while the braves, dressed in cowboy style, were lounging near by and enjoying the cheerful smell of steaming coffee.

What a flash of bright colours the encampment made, for the Indian has lost none of his love of brilliant colours. The men wear the brightest of red or green handkerchiefs round their necks, and, as for the squaws, they think nothing of appearing in a crimson blouse and a magenta skirt, with a scarlet shawl wrapped over their heads. They love all shades of red.

Perhaps a motor-car is rather a come-down after a dashing pony, but it has advantages.

FARM BOY'S RISE

Ruler of a College

There has just died the Rev. Thomas Rees, who began life as a farmer's boy in Pembrokeshire and became principal of a theological college.

It was after he had left farm labouring for mining that his friends persuaded him to enter on a scholastic career. At Carmarthen, Cardiff, and Mansfield College, Oxford, he won many scholarships and prizes, becoming a doctor of Philosophy of London.

After fourteen years as Professor of Philosophy at Brecon he became Principal of the Bangor Independent College. He wrote a number of books on philosophy in Welsh.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Pummelling

On June 18, 1815, was fought the Battle of Waterloo.

The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I can judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blücher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. WELLINGTON AFTER WATERLOO

We pummelled them, and they pummelled us; and I suppose we pummelled the hardest, and so we gained the day. WELLINGTON TO A LADY

JUNE 15

Magna Carta Day

AN IDEA FOR THE ENGLISH- SPEAKING RACE

A movement for the admirable purpose of promoting unity between the English-speaking nations has sprung from the American city of St. Paul, in Minnesota.

It goes far back toward English-speaking foundations, and indeed the foundations of the English type of character, and takes Magna Carta as its basis. The movement takes the name of the International Magna Carta Day Association, and suggests that wherever English is spoken a Magna Carta Day, June 15, shall be kept annually.

The movement has received wide support in the United States, where Mr. Coolidge is its president, and throughout the British Empire. Sir James Craig represents it in Ulster, and Sir Horace Plunkett in the Irish Free State.

The object of finding a substantial ground of unity between the United States and the States of the British Commonwealth in a common love of liberty, as well as largely in race and completely in language, is of the greatest importance. More and more is it being made plain that the world's safety and prosperity are under the guardianship of what this Association calls The Seven Nations, which include the English-speaking part of mankind.

If Magna Carta is the firmest foundation for historic unity, so be it. Such a foundation is certainly needed. It is true that modern readings of the Charter show that it perpetuated some unjust privileges, but it also defended definite and recognised liberties that have had, and will always have, a high political value.

Not the least welcome part of the movement is that it has its start in America, and is an invitation to the Old Country to join up.

HERE AND THERE

We take these figures from a letter published in one of the London papers the other day.

The American worker produces on an average over four times as much as the British worker.

The American miner produces about five times as much coal per day as the British miner.

The American bricklayer lays about five times as many bricks.

The American weaver looks after from twenty to thirty looms compared with four in this country.

The American train carries on an average 650 tons of goods against 130 over here.

COLOSSAL SUNS

ENVELOPED IN FIERY HELIUM

Light That Has Taken 360 Years to Reach the Earth

WONDERS OF SCORPIO

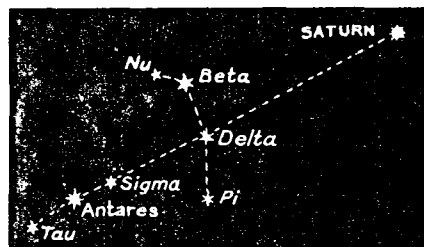
By the C.N. Astronomer

The present proximity of Saturn to the constellation of Scorpio, which is also known as Scorpion (the Scorpion), will make it easy to identify several of its wonderful stars. They will be found some way to the left of, and at a lower altitude than, Saturn, whose position was described in the C.N. for May 8.

The accompanying star-map indicates their relative positions, but it only shows the upper half of the Scorpion's stars, the lower portion, representing his tail and consisting of several second and third magnitude stars, being either too near to or below the horizon in England to be visible.

Both Beta and Delta in Scorpio are at an almost equal apparent distance from Saturn and about sixteen times the Moon's width to the south-east of the planet. Beta, the brightest, can be seen in quite a small telescope to be composed of two stars of second and fourth magnitude; but a powerful telescope will show that the brighter star is also composed of two suns.

These are all of colossal dimensions, the brighter pair being enveloped in fiery helium vapour at a white heat, and radiating at their surface a temperature of about 19,000 degrees Centigrade. Consequently everything is in a state of



Saturn and the Constellation of Scorpio

incandescent vapour, even the hardest metals, and all in a terrific whirl over their raging surfaces. For these two suns of Beta in Scorpio belong to the B type of sun, and are almost the hottest known.

The three suns of this wonderful star Beta have been calculated to radiate 800 times as much light as our Sun, from which it will be inferred that they are all very much larger. This calculation is based upon their distance, 22,900,000 times as far as our Sun; therefore their light has taken 360 years to reach us.

Delta, about four times the Moon's apparent width below Beta, is a solitary giant sun similar in type to Beta's close pair of suns, somewhat hotter, at about 20,000 degrees Centigrade, and very much larger. It has been calculated to radiate at least 1500 times as much light as our Sun, so Beta must be some hundreds of times larger.

Four Wonderful Suns

Nu, the little fourth-magnitude star about three times the Moon's apparent width to the east of Beta, is one of the wonders of the heavens, for it is actually composed of four suns. This wonderful quartette are nine million times as far away as our Sun, their light taking 143 years to reach us; and each pair doubtless revolves round a central point between them.

Judging from the amount of light they radiate, which can be calculated from their apparent brilliance at their known distance, the two brighter suns composing the fourth-magnitude star are much larger than our Sun, and the other pair about the same size.

Other Worlds. In the morning, Venus in the east, Mars south-east, Jupiter south; in the evening Saturn south-east.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 21

All Happy!

SHELDON, that brisk, flaming-headed prefect in Dean's House, had no reason to deride his own powers of prophecy.

"You'll soon get over your strangeness," he had predicted to the last shy addition to his dormitory, and his words came true more rapidly than he had dreamed. The latest addition was becoming the liveliest. Indeed, J. A. Smith, Number 277 at St. Quentin's, was rapidly fitting into that new and brilliant foundation as nicely as any round peg in the round hole prepared for it.

In fervent agreement that hay should be made while the Sun shone, and repeating that he wasn't to blame for being landed here, that by staying where he was for a bit he was doing nobody any harm, and that he'd soon be toddling off to St. Quentin's, Fruppeny had stifled his scruples and resolved that it should not be his fault if he did not drain the very last drop from his luck.

When he wandered out on the cliffs to watch the white seas; when he raced along the line with the ball in his grip, or packed his head down in the thick of a heaving scrum; when in class he kindled and bobbed up and down with delight at the ease wherewith Mr. Dean demolished mountains into molehills; when he rushed with the rest to shout the Fifteen on to victory—then at all these moments a shudder would visit him at the vision of a drab little school in a drab little side street.

John Andrew, when he had pointed it out one Wednesday, had gleefully called it his Little Grey Home in the West. But the contrast had made the man from St. Quentin's shiver. Wouldn't they have to pay for this presently!

Yesterday afternoon John Andrew had brought him a letter from home to their tea-room. As soon as he had read it he had grinned and said, "Care for a look at it?"

"If you like," his friend had answered. "If it's not private."

"Private! No, it's topping!" Fruppeny had gleed. "From my father."

Now today he drew this letter from his pocket, and read a certain passage for the eleventh time.

This is the passage which gave him so much delight:

"Now that you have had such a good time to get to know your new school, and as your letters home have been happier and happier, I am going to disclose to you something which I have been keeping back from you. Namely, that your mother and I sent you off with some anxiety because we were not quite sure that you might not be disappointed in your school. You see, I cannot afford to pay heavy fees for you. So, though we wanted you to get right away from home, we could not send you to such a fine place as we should have liked."

"We had to do the best that we could, but we did feel a little afraid that you would be disappointed."

"However, we did not tell you or warn you not to expect too much, as we were naturally anxious not to prejudice you beforehand."

"So you can appreciate how delighted it has made us to know how happy you are, and how much you like the place."

So ran the passage he was reading through now, recalling how John Andrew had chuckled over it yesterday.

"Wasn't I right?" John Andrew had demanded. "Doesn't it bear out just what I told you? You had scruples; oh, yes, I know you've had scruples, old man; but isn't our swap the better for all of us all round? Your people are pleased that you're having such a great time, and learning such a lot; for you're not slacking,

Frup. You're pleased. I'm pleased. And my guardian is pleased."

Fruppeny had never heard John Andrew so eloquent.

"How do you know your guardian is pleased?" he had insisted.

"Because I've written and told him how strong I'm going!"

"Did you tell him you were a prefect already?"

"I did," John Andrew had said solemnly.

"You didn't! That would give the whole thing away."

"Not it!" John Andrew's face had begun to twitch. "He doesn't know anything. Frup, about English schools. It would never occur to him that a chap in his first term couldn't be made a prefect at any old school! He'd think I deserved it, or he'd think there were kid prefects, or something. And anyhow, old man," John Andrew had gone on, with another twitch of the face, "I gave him a chance."

"What sort of a chance? I don't understand what you mean."

"I gave him a chance to ask me back if I was at the right place. I told him that it wasn't a big school I was at, but only a small school. Now, that was fair, wasn't it, Frup?"

"What did he answer?"

"His answer was the letter you brought me last week. He said he didn't care tuppence whether my school was a big school or a small school so long as I was happy and comfortable and not wanting to leave it. 'So long as you stick on there, I'm more than satisfied,' he wrote. And he showed how pleased he was by enclosing me a tenner, which he said I deserved for settling down so well, and he went on to explain that he might have to go away on some business which would keep him over the holidays. In that case, he said, I'd have to stay on at the school and he'd send me down a motor-bike to make up for it."

With which John Andrew had paid the bill, done some tricks for their waitress, who always kept the creamiest buns for him, and had marched importantly off with his hands in his pockets, leaving Fruppeny to make his way out later on. For they had agreed, especially as their features were so much alike, that it wouldn't do to be seen in the streets together. "Somebody might start talking about us," said Fruppeny.

Yet all the same, at the very moment today that he was re-reading his father's letter, somebody was starting to talk about him!

And that was no less a person than Mr. Dean. And to no less a person than the Headmaster.

CHAPTER 22 A Bombshell

THE young Housemaster had stepped across to his chief and, after a few observations on everyday topics and the general way in which things were going in his House, remarked that if the Headmaster wasn't too busy he would like to say a few words about one of the boys. He made this request in such a mysterious tone, and waited so unnecessarily for leave to proceed, that the Head, who hated mysteries in any form and prided himself that he never wasted a moment, exclaimed somewhat testily:

"Out with it, man! What is it?"

"I want to speak to you, sir, about a boy in my House?"

"Oh! Not in the Moon?" said the Head in a quizzical tone. He liked Mr. Dean. He liked everything about him, except his love now and then of beating about the bush.

Mr. Dean smiled. Mr. Dean meant to take his own time, being tolerably certain that before he was through he would astonish his chief considerably.

"No, not in the Moon, sir. In my House. A boy named J. A. Smith."

The Head joined his finger-tips and pondered a moment. "Let me think now," he pondered. "I see such a number of boys before we accept them that it's hard to recall each one. J. A. Smith—eh?" He went on considering. "Ah, yes, I remember. He wasn't brought down here for an interview; something interfered, I forget what it was."

"But you saw him, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him. He was brought to see me at the offices of the School's agents in London. A boy with a fresh, clean complexion, unless I'm mistaken."

"Yes, he's very fair-skinned, sir."

"With a broadish face?"

"Oh, a very broad face."

"And a lightish head of hair?"

"Quite light, sir. Straw coloured."

"That's the lad! He was smartly dressed; very smart."

"He hasn't looked particularly smart since he came, sir."

"But he was. Quite the dandy, Dean. I was rather amused."

Here the Head broke into laughter at the recollection. "Oh, the poor fellow's face, Dean! You never saw such a picture of misery! Never! Gloomy isn't the word for that poor fellow's face!"

"Not by any means," said Mr. Dean in a strange tone.

"Long as a fiddle it was. And it went with his voice. The dimmest croak you ever heard in your life, Dean!"

"Generally, when I come across him he's laughing."

"Ah, but that's the result of our air on these cliffs, my friend!" St. Quentin's was very proud of its glorious position. "Take my word for it; that's the air on our cliffs, Dean. We've made a new man of him, Dean!" said the Head, with more truth than he dreamed.

"Yes, I should say we had, sir, from your account."

"I'm glad, I'm glad. Was that all you wanted to tell me?"

"No, sir. As a matter of fact I had not started yet. Do you remember that you gave me a warning about him?"

"Of course I do, of course I do," sighed the Head. "He's terribly dull, poor lad. Hasn't got any brains."

"Yes, that's what you told me."

"I did. It was fairer to tell you. I took him out of kindness more or less, Dean; for I was warned that he was all behind with his work and about as dense as they make them, and then a bit denser. At book-work, I mean, Dean. At learning. Perhaps not in a general way."

"In a general way?"

"I believe I was told he was shrewd enough at anything that hadn't to do with work."

THE LIFE-STORY OF THE WOOD ANT

From the days of King Solomon down to the present time men have wondered at the ways of the ant. In this week's CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL you will find a graphic picture life-story of the wood-ant, or, as it is often called, the hill-ant. Its life is indeed a great romance.

There are many other fascinating pictures and stories in this week's C.P. Buy a copy TODAY

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Now on Sale - - - 2d.

"I see," said Mr. Dean queerly. The Head beamed sympathetically through his glasses. "I suppose you've come to complain," he said, "that he's perfectly hopeless?"

"Well, I wouldn't quite say that, sir," smiled Mr. Dean.

"That's right, that's right. Persevere with him, man. Do your best for him. If you see no signs of improvement in him, don't get downhearted."

"No, sir. I'm not quite—downhearted," said Mr. Dean.

"Good! Then that's all you wanted to tell me about him? Oh, we'll get something into his noddle before we've done with him!"

The Head rose briskly with an unconcealed air of relief. To himself he was saying: "There! That's over! What a mercy! I knew I'd have Dean here one day complaining that the lad was hopeless." Aloud he said: "Then that's all, then? Thanks for mentioning it."

Mr. Dean hadn't moved. He said, "But it isn't all, sir!"

"Oh, tut, tut! Don't be hard on the lad his first term. Give him a chance. He'll begin to pick up when he's settled down."

"I am rather inclined to think that he has settled down, sir."

"Capital! Well, that's finished with for the present, then."

"Sir," said Mr. Dean, throwing the tails of his gown over his arm—for he had come in straight from afternoon school—"do you mind sparing me three or four minutes more?"

"Yes?" sighed his chief, who was fretting to get off for a cup of tea with his daughters.

"Well, sir, we're a new school. We've got our name to make. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Mr. Dean," the Head responded more stiffly.

"Wouldn't it be a tremendous feather in the school's cap, sir, if one of our boys should win the Harborough scholarship?"

"Say that again," the Head replied in a sharp voice.

"In three years' time, sir, St. Quentin's will not have been going five years. If a St. Quentin's boy could win the Harborough scholarship before St. Quentin's had come to be five years old, sir, wouldn't that give the school a tremendous leg up?"

"You know it would, Dean," said the Head in ironical tones.

"The Harborough is almost the plum of plums to the Varsity. The schools that win it each year are not a little proud of themselves. If we could manage to snatch it two or three years hence it would put the seal on our name, Dean. We should be famous. We should be added to the select few."

"You'd like us to win it, sir?" said Mr. Dean, smiling.

"Like us to win it! I'd give all I've got to win it." Then the Head's face fell and he heaved a despairing sigh. "But I fancy I know our calibre right through the school. We haven't a senior in the place who could look at it. Nor a junior with the least chance of training on well enough. So what's the good of wasting my time in discussing the impossible?" He opened the door. "We have talked enough nonsense!" he rapped.

Another smile crossed his subordinate's keen, clever face. He had got where he wanted to get, and was ready to throw his bomb now. A bomb it would be indeed, an out-and-out bombshell; you can see him letting it slip, so to speak, down his sleeve, and drop into his fingers, all primed to explode. But the explosion wasn't going to do any damage; and it came now, the Head at the door, with the smallest of sounds.

For Mr. Dean said, very quietly: "It is not the impossible."

"Eh?" the Head almost screamed, swinging round and forgetting his tea. "Eh? Eh? It isn't impossible! What do you mean, man?"

"In my opinion, sir, and I ought to be able to judge, I've a boy in my House who will walk away with the Harborough."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Master

As the three cousins, Brenda, Beatrix, and eight-years-old Peter, sat on a high wall together the nanny goat looked up at them with wicked eyes.

"Why Uncle Richard keeps such horrid animals on his farm I don't know," said Beatrix, whose temper had already been ruffled by a meeting with the bull in the pasture.

"The goat is master of them all," said Peter. "Not even the bull terrier dares to fight her."

"Oh, I have dropped my little basket, and Nanny will get it," screamed Brenda. "Peter, she has got it! and she is eating it! It will make her ill."

"Nothing makes a goat ill," returned Peter. "Not even ivy, or tobacco—I have seen her steal and eat a whole pouchful from the gardener's pocket."

"But, Peter, can't you do something about the basket?" cried the little girls. "We simply dare not go home without it—it is one we borrowed."

Down from his perch slid Peter; after all, he was the one man of the party. Boldly he approached the goat and snatched the basket from her.

Nanny took the insult meekly enough, even retiring a few paces as he said "Shoo!"

But as Peter turned to make his way to the wall a thunderbolt smote him on the back, and sent him flying! Hard little hoofs trampled and stamped all over him, and were gone.

Puffing and blowing, Peter rose to his feet to see Nanny, a little distance off, preparing for another charge. His round face turned red with rage, and as she raced towards him he rushed to her and seized her by the horns. Together they capered among the flower-beds, while the little girls screamed on the wall.

"O, Peter, don't fight her! Run away, or she will hurt you."

"You little sillies! she will hurt me more if I let go!" panted Peter. "But you can go for the gardener if you like."

He heard their flying footsteps die in the distance; but they seemed a long while coming back and every moment the goat got wilder, and harder to hold.

"I must make believe, as I do at the dentist's," thought Peter. "There is no such thing as a goat, and I am not me, but someone else."

Forthwith Nanny changed into an enchantress with flaming eyes, and Peter became a prince in shining armour. To the end of the world they stamped and trampled, till the witch begged him to release her, and she would give him a sack of golden guineas.

Uncle Richard's voice broke the spell.

"Take away the goat, John gardener! Well done, my boy! Face all the difficulties you are going to meet the same way. Take them by the horns, and they won't hurt you."

With that he gave Peter, not a sack of golden guineas, but a much more useful half-a-crown.



Thank God for All Who Smile on the Way



DI MERRYMAN

JACK: "You look very tired. What is the matter with you?"

Tom: "Well, I snore so loudly that I keep waking myself up all night. Can you suggest a remedy?"

Jack: "You should sleep in another room."

A Charade

ALL grades of men must do my first,
Or idle they will be;
Great numbers of my next in town,
If you go there, you'll see;
And it should be the workman's care
To keep my whole in good repair.

Solution next week

Do You Live at Brighton?

SO recently as 1834 Brighton was spelt Brighthelmstone, and that is almost the same spelling as that of Domesday Book, in which it appears as Brichelmestone. The meaning is the Stone of Brihtelm, but who Brihtelm was we do not know, although there was a Brihtelm, Bishop of Chichester in 956. Possibly a stone marking the boundary of Brihtelm's property was a well-known landmark.

No Need to Ask

A MAN rushed into a country station just as a train was steaming out.

"Did you want to catch that train?" inquired a sleepy-looking porter.

"Of course not!" snapped the would-be passenger breathlessly. "I was only chasing it out of the station."

What Is It?

THERE is a thing to truth unknown,
Which yet is by experience shown;

It is not found in earth or air;
'Tis in no weather foul or fair;
It is a wayward, curious creature,
Opposed, athwart, and cross in nature;
Nothing without it is perplexed;
Extreme, excited, anxious, vexed;
In country it hath never been;
In busy town it ne'er was seen;
By lecture you would try in vain
Its wondrous essence to explain;
No chemist by his art can find it;
Sage magic cannot seize or bind it;
To war and pestilence a stranger,
Nor was it ever seen in danger;
It is not found in the great ocean,
Nor in repose, nor yet in motion;
Though not in form, state, or condition,
'Tis seen in every exhibition.

Answer next week

Hats of the World



Norway Japan

WHAT would a turnip become if it were left all day in a bucket of water? Wet.

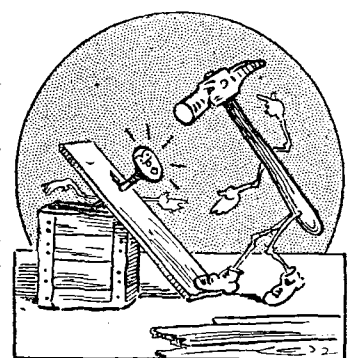
Without Rhyme or Reason

COUGHED a starling who'd built in a flue,
"I'm afraid I shall have to remove,
For they've started a fire,
And this chimney, I find,
Isn't one that consumes its own smoke!"

WHAT is the difference between an engine-driver and a school-master?

One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

Comic-Alive Characters



A Helpful Hammer

A FRENCH nail met a Hammer, and in English tried to speak.

"Oh, pardon, sare! Per'aps you 'elp?"

A lodging's vat I seek."

The Hammer led him to a plank, and knocked him in—tap, tap! "I've found you lodging," he remarked,

"And board as well, old chap!"

A False Alarm

A NERVOUS little man who lived some distance from the railway station arrived by a late train one night. He had not gone far down the road to his home before he realised that someone was following him. It was too dark to see who it was, so the nervous man quickened his pace, but the footsteps behind him also quickened.

Then he broke into a run, but still his pursuer kept the same distance behind him. At last he could run no more, so he stopped and waited.

"What do you want?" he gasped to another breathless man who approached him.

"I want to know why you are running," replied the stranger. "I asked a porter at the station to direct me to North Road, and he said you live there, so I had better follow you."

A Riddle in Rhyme

I'm in the pickle but not in the jar,
I'm in the whitewash and also in tar,
I'm in meadow but not in the field,
I'm in the bell-pull and also in pealed,
I'm in the parlour but not in the room,
I'm in the odour and also in bloom,
I'm in the shutter but not in the door,
I'm in the teashop and also in store.
Together my letters will certainly be
An object that all in the street may see.

Answer next week

What Was It Worth?

"I DON'T think that man is to be trusted."

"On the contrary, he is absolutely honest. I would trust him with my life."

"Yes, but would you trust him with anything of value?"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word. Seven, even, eve

What Am I? Haystack

A Word-Building Picture Puzzle
Earwig, earring, eardrum, earlock, earnest, earmarks.

Who Was He?

The Last of the Old Masters was Murillo.

Jacko Has an Unlucky Day

WHEN rich Uncle Bodger was expected Jacko was never very far away. He seemed to watch Uncle Bodger as a cat watches a mouse.

Uncle Bodger had a bulky parcel with him when he turned up unexpectedly to dinner one morning. He left it under his hat on the hall table, and then seemed to forget all about it.

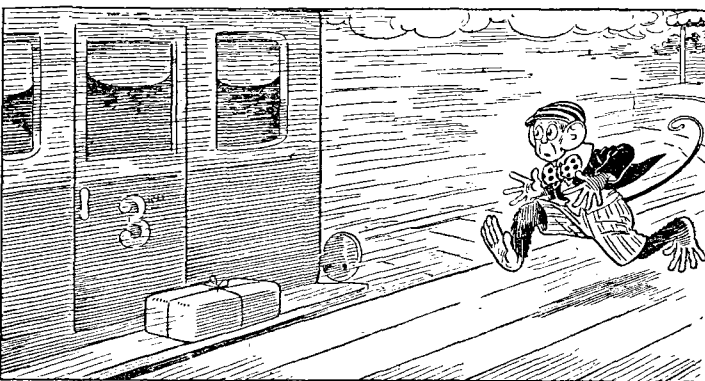
Jacko was unusually polite that day to Uncle; he was hoping for the best, which meant a gift of half-a-crown, and would have been grateful for the worst, a shilling, for funds were low and ices aren't given away for nothing!

But all his efforts at charming Uncle Bodger fell flat. Perhaps it was the heat. He made no attempt to laugh at Jacko's jokes, and growled threateningly when Jacko lurched against his deck-chair in the garden.

Jacko could have wept. "I'll be lucky if he makes it a shilling today!" he muttered.

It wasn't even a sixpence. Uncle Bodger departed before tea, and declined to be accompanied to the station.

Jacko was so disappointed that he didn't trouble to join the family party who stood on the doorstep to wave him off. He wandered into the garden and stayed there, gloomily



Help! The parcel was still on the footboard

sucking bits of grass, till his mother called him in to tea. It wasn't tea he was thinking of, but his half-crown.

As he passed through the hall his eye lighted on a brown paper parcel. He pounced on it delightedly.

"Coo," he cried, "Uncle's forgotten his parcel! I'd better run over with it." And, to everyone's surprise, he dashed out of the house without even waiting for his tea.

There wasn't another train to Uncle Bodger's station for half an hour, so he sat down on the footboard of an empty train to wait.

The heat must have made him drowsy; the next thing he knew he was being dragged off the footboard and shouted at angrily by a porter. When he had picked himself up the train was moving quietly off.

The parcel! Help! The parcel was still on the footboard, getting farther away from him every moment.

Jacko gave a wild yell and started off after it. By sprinting like mad he was able to catch up the train and leap on to it.

He had got his precious parcel, but by that time the train was going so fast that he dare not try to slip off again. So he sat tight and held on till it arrived at the next station.

From there a penny bus ride and a sharp half-hour's walk brought him to his uncle's house. Three loud thumps on the knocker brought Uncle Bodger himself to the door.

Jacko beamed on him. "I've brought the parcel you left behind," he said proudly.

Uncle Bodger stared.

"Then you can take it back again," he said. "I don't want it. It's only a bundle of old papers I thought Baby would like to cut the pictures out of."

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Ten-Mile Gallop

A horse belonging to Mr. A. J. Bennett, Member of Parliament for Central Nottingham, accomplished a remarkable performance recently.

While taking part in some jumping, the horse fell at the first obstacle, and, throwing his rider, galloped ten miles to his stable at Kirklington Hall, jumping many fences and gates on the journey without injuring himself.

Un Galop de Dix Milles

Un cheval appartenant à M. A. J. Bennett, député de Nottingham Central, vient d'accomplir une performance remarquable.

En prenant part à des exercices de saut, le cheval fit une chute au premier obstacle, et, se débarrassant de son cavalier, il parcourut dix milles au galop jusqu'à son écurie à Kirklington Hall, sautant en route de nombreuses clôtures et barrières sans se faire de mal.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Caves

IT was the most beautiful cake Peter had ever seen. He stood staring at it.

The lady who was putting it into a box said something that sounded like "Take it along to the caves." And then she turned to Peter.

Peter chose a bun, and all the way to school he wondered why a beautiful cake like that was being taken to the caves. Was someone having a picnic there? He made up his mind to go and see.

After school he went down to the beach, but all the caves were empty!

He was very tired when he came to the last cave, and he sat down to rest. When he got up again he was surprised to find the tide had come up and was very nearly inside.

Peter ran quickly along the beach, but the tide was quicker, and his escape was cut off from the steps leading to the promenade. His only way to safety was to climb up the cliff. Peter did not mind this, because he was used to climbing; but when he arrived at the top he found himself in the garden of a house built right on the edge of the cliff.

He walked along the garden and heard laughter and voices coming from one of the rooms. Peter wondered if they would see him and ask him what he was doing there. A gentleman did see him, and asked him if he had climbed up the cliff.

"Yes," replied Peter.

"Didn't you see the notice with the word Private on it?"

The little boy shook his head. "No, I'm sorry. I won't do it a—" Peter stopped and stared in at the window, for



"I'm sorry," said Peter

there on the table was half the iced cake!

The gentleman laughed. "Would you like a piece?" he asked. "It's my little boy's birthday."

"Thank you very much," replied Peter. "But I thought the cake was going to the caves."

"We are the Caves," said the gentleman as he gave Peter a slice. "Our name is Cave."

Then Peter explained, and how they all laughed!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 12, 1926

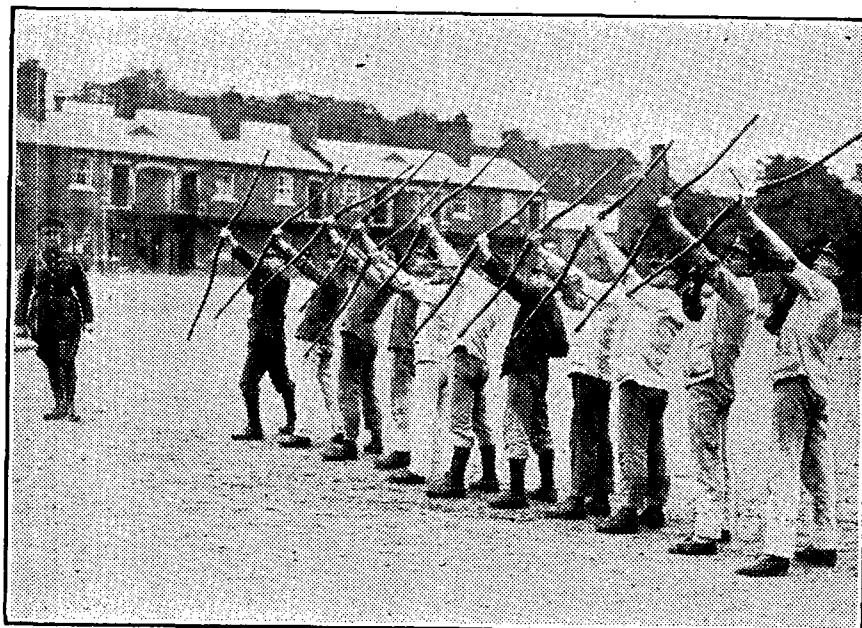
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

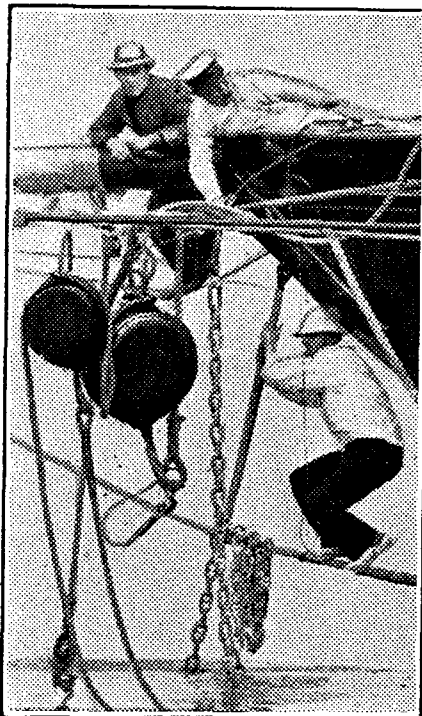
DESERT TAXI • THE KING'S YACHT • JAPANESE PRINCE AT FOOTBALL



On the Road to Bagdad—Motor-cars now run across the Syrian desert every week from Haifa to Bagdad, but passengers must be prepared for minor mishaps like that shown in this picture. A party of Arabs is helping to move a car that has stuck in the sand near Bagdad



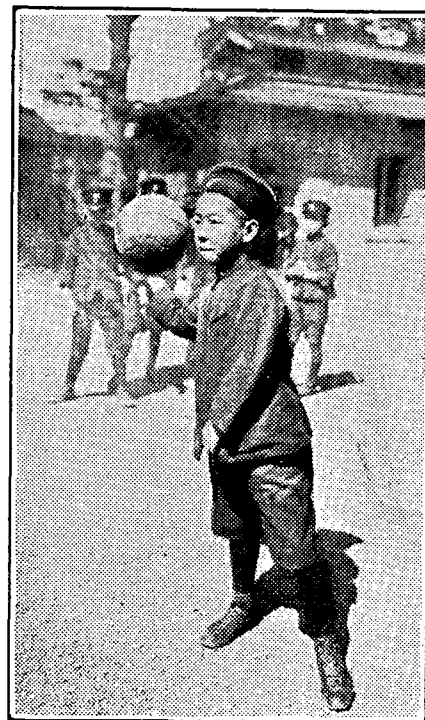
Fighting the Battle of Hastings Over Again—In this picture we see a party of Royal Fusiliers learning to shoot with bows and arrows. They are practising for the great military tattoo at Aldershot this month, when the battles of Agincourt and Hastings will be fought over again



Getting Ready for the Yachting Season—The King's yacht, Britannia, has a new mast, and is now ready for the racing season. These sailors are overhauling part of her gear



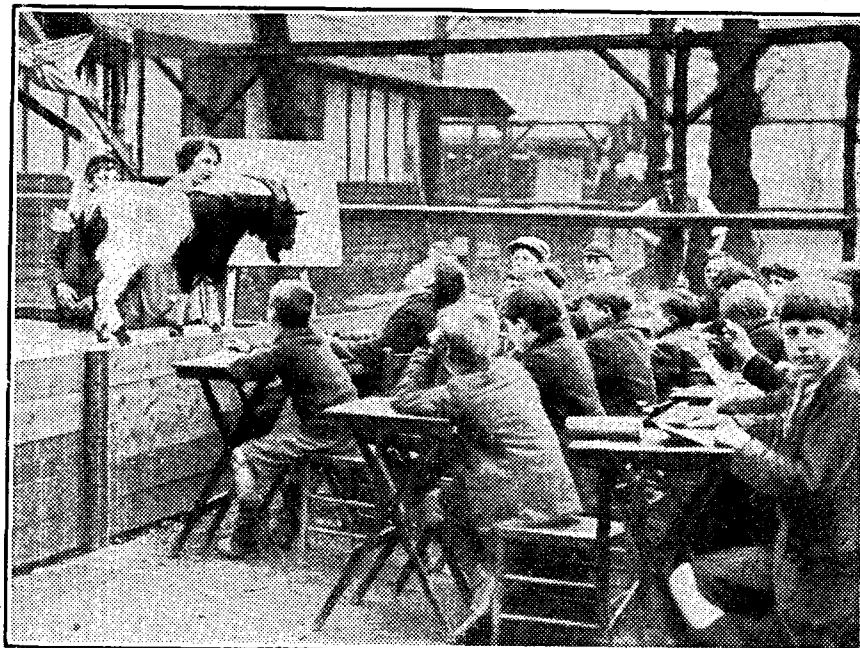
The Elephant Asks for More—This elephant at the Zoo, although busy giving children a ride, is always ready to eat the many buns that visitors give him. Usually he takes the buns with the tip of his trunk and puts them into his mouth, but in this picture he seems to be inviting people to save him trouble by throwing the tit-bits into his mouth



An Emperor's Son at Play—Here we see Prince Sumi, youngest son of the Emperor of Japan, playing with a football in the grounds of his school, where English sports are popular



A Heavy Load for the Swing—The giant swings in Victoria Park, East London, are always crowded when the children are out of school, as this picture of a merry party of girls shows



Goat as an Artist's Model—The other day this goat was used as a model for the boys who were taking a drawing lesson at the St. Pancras Open-Air School at Euston, in London

HOW THE MACHINE HAS CHANGED THE WORLD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R